CARMEL LIBRARY

Carmel Library,
Box 537,
Carmel, Calif.

Carmel Pine Cone

VOL. XV, No. 1. CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1929. 5c PER COPY

PEGGY PALMER of the MATOOR-MIND EDITOR for ONE ISSUE

EVANGELINE OF GRAND PRE COMES TO POINT LOBOS

"This is the forest primeval," announced one of the three Fox brothers, pointing at the abalone cannery on Point Lobos; "The murmering pines and the hemlocks," he continued, with a glance toward one of the cypresses that, as the Carmelite points out, will shortly die of fungi grown unless we do something about it, "bearded with moss, and in garments, green, indistinct in the twilight, stand like druids of eld—"

There was more of it, for we were at the home of Evangeline of Grand Pre, California, on Point Lobos, and here was Evangeline herself, speaking the quaint French-Canadian patois like a native Californian of Mexican descent. Dolores del Rio is the heroine of Longfellow's wonderful poem, as Fox brothers will film it, and the beautiful Dolores looks as different from the pictures of Evangeline in our illustrated edition of the poet's complete works, as any movie director could ask.

And so, too, Evangeline's home is historically accurate. The carpenters have done a wonderful job, if a bit fragile. The structure is of the Hollywood type of architecture, and would not withstand a Grand Pre storm or a Point Lobos nor'wester any too well. But as Evangeline leaves it shortly after the poem begins, that may not matter.

The three Fox brothers of the Fillums and their attorney are here to see that this guy Longfellow doesn't interfere with their scenario of his poem. Also they have brought Edwin Carewe to direct the production. They have determined that the Carmel river cannot be used for the Mississippi, even in high water. Whether or not the old Mission can be brought in as the Sunday school where Evangeline learned golden texts in the days of her innocent childhood, they have not decided as yet. The James' house at the Highlands may come into the scene where Evangeline leaps from the parapet to escape the unwelcome attentions of the Grand Segnieur of Quebec.

Roland Drew, who will be Evangeline's wandering lover, has read the poem, it is authoritatively stated, but this will not interfere in any way with the production, for the continuity was written in Hollywood, where they never glance at the book that is being filmed. Quite a few of the cast have never heard of Henry W. Longfellow, and only hope that he will not butt in and try to tell them how he saw it when he wrote it. Claire Windsor, who joins the company next week when the rest of the troupe comes up from Hollywood, knows a man who owns a book of Longfellow's poems.

The Fox brothers, the cast and its directing personnel are all staying at the Highlands Inn.

HARRISON LIBRARY BOARD ANNOUNCES CHANGES IN STAFF

The second year of the Carmel free public library will be initiated with a complete change in the library attendants, and the resignation of Miss Mary Ethel Goodfellow, librarian, is now in the hands of the board, to take effect the end of January. There will be other resignations, it is said, when selection has been made of Miss Goodfellow's successor.

Also, this will be the beginning of a more generous policy in the matter of hours of service at the library. The time when the reading room is open will be extended, and additional evenings given. The policy of the trustees will be to make the library a convenience to the public, both in its circulation department and in the use of its reference works and reading rooms.

The statement issued by the library board is as follows:

It is with regret that Carmel will hear of the resignation of Miss Mary Ethel Goodfellow from the position of Librarian of the Harrison Memorial Library. Miss Goodfellow is leaving on Feb. 1st to return to Los Angeles which has been her home for a number of years.

A really monumental task was successfully accomplished under her auspices, namely the removal of all equipment and books from the old library into the beautiful and artistic new memorial building. This involved the recataloging of all books and the establishment of a new and up-to-date charging system. The Dewey method of classification was installed, resulting in quicker and more efficient library service. The Children's Department has been reorganized and many new books added to the collection; also, the special memorial library left by Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison has been made available for the public.

Miss Goodfellow leaves the Carmel Public Library well organized and each department in smoothly running order for her successsor. Her many friends in Carmel wish her continued success in her new field.

HARRISON BOOK COLLECTION NOW OPEN TO PUBLIC

The Harrison collection of books intact in the memorial room of the Harrison Memorial Library is now available to the public. The books are to be used in the library and are not put out in circulation. The public is free to use them for reference.

The Ella Reid Harrison collection contains a Browning collection which is so famous that the impression rests with many people that all of the books are Browning. The group of art books are equally as fine and the two collections are kept in enclosed cases.

The books cover a general wide range of subject materia, including religion, philosophy, biography, history and many fine volumes of literature.

Some of the books are rare and their value is increased by the signature and markings of Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison. She marked passages in all of the books which she read and signed all of the books numbering more than two thousand. A monumental piece of industry!

PEGGY AT THE HELM

Peggy Palmer,' writer of The Matoor Mind, artist and amateur poloist, whose breeches and boots are well known to Carmelites, has the idea that she knows better how to get out a newspaper in this village than the Pine Cone's editors do. She may be right, at that. Anyhow she is going to have the opportunity to prove it.

Next week's Pine Cone will be Peggy's number. She will occupy the editorial chair in breeches and shiny boots, and will write the editorials, copy-read what the reporters turn in, censor all communications, discuss politics with our statesmen, and receipt advertising bills. Except for the laws of libel, she will be responsible for getting an issue of the Pine Cone out on Friday, January 11, 1929.

Instead of her working for us at fifteen cents a column-inch, we will work for her on the same basis. The financial arrangements for the Peggy Number are that Peggy gets all the net profits. Whatever the paper cleans up, after paying overhead, expenses and space writing, goes into Peggy's breeches pocket.

We are hopeful that she makes more than we ordinarily do. A reely intelligent young girl should be able to turn out a number that will sell like hot cakes, and bring in a whole lot of extra nickles from the news stands. Also, every merchant in Carmel must see the advantage of having an advertisement in a newspaper that will cause excited comment and high praise for its intelligence from coast to coast.

Peggy will illustrate the issue quite freely with her own drawings, the cuts being a charge against the number, to be deducted before the receipts go into her pocket. One of the reasons Peggy gives for wanting to be the editor is that her drawings are frequently ruined by the cheap chalk-plate process used in making the cuts. If her illustrations came out right, there would be a greatly increased circulation of the paper. In Peggy's number, cuts will be cuts, at fifteen cents a square inch.

Also, Peggy will have more accurate proof reading, doing that important function herself. She has noticed frequent errors of spelling, not only in the columns written by herself, but elsewhere in the paper. For once, there will be a keen eye and clear wit on the galley-proofs.

She intends, also, to spruce up the advertisements. Pep, says Peggy, is what intreegs the reader of ads. Most of the advertisements in the Pine Cone are lacking in appeal, and need IT. With her intelligence behind the campaigns, sounding seductive slogans and hammering convincing facts, she feels certain of largely increased returns, and much greater satisfaction among the merchants. This valuable service will be absolutely free, and if any merchant is not satisfied with it after seeing how nicely she has bettered his ad, why he's a horrid, mean thing, that's all!

After deep thought on the subject, Peggy has decided not to increase either the price of the paper or of the advertising. Let the public profit, she says. If she doesn't make more than a few hundred dollars off this issue, she don't care. She would rather have the praise and affection of Carmel than riches. If, for just once, the village gets a reely intelligent newspaper, and the advertisers get an awful lot of business, and everybody appreciates what she has done to make them happy, she'll be quite satisfied.

Carmel is not the only town with attractive Christmas decorations. Travellers driving through Santa Cruz and Watsonville after dark report clusters and festoons of red and green lights hanging from roof tops, balconies, and doorways, all of which give the towns a charming aspect, especially from a distance.

NEWSY BITS of the HAPPENINGS in this VILLAGE of OURS

SOME FAMED ONES COME AND GO

By Monte

"Interesting People In Carmel" is a topic under which might be written reams if said intriguing persons would but provide a bit more hullabaloo in the comings and goings.

The most interesting ones move quietly and it behooves the poor reporter (with a frugal application of the adjective please) to be everywhere at once and with both ears alert if he would chronicle the presence of fame!

Carmel has welcomed, knowingly or not, perhaps more interesting people during the past Christmas and New Year holidays than ever before at a holiday season. What with famous movie folks, well known artists and authors, world famed lecturers and a celebrated musician or two added to our very own permanent personages we could boast of a coterie of worthy ones to fill half of Who's Who!

We add the following to the list of famous folks already netted:

Ray Boynton who has recently finished the designing and building of the beautiful new Music building at Mills College in Oakland arrived in Carmel with Mrs. Boynton and will occupy a house on Casanova street until May. Mr. Boynton intends to play, with a year's leave of absence from the University of California.

For the holidays came Robert Shaw, editorial writer and well known Hearst papers writer from the Post Inquirer in Oakland. He was a guest of the Boyntons.

Motoring from San Francisco came Mary McPhail, special writer for the San Francisco Examiner. With her came her daughter, Pat McPhail, who is a student at Miss Head's in Berkeley.

Who has not at some time or other in some up-and-coming magazine or other, seen the clever cartoon sketches of Cornelia Barnes. A steady and popular contributor in the past to the widely read magazine The Masses, Cornelia Barnes' black and white crayon and ink drawings for recent years have been commanding attention on feature pages of the Hearst papers. A year or so ago this interesting woman retired, so she says, from the active life of a cartoonist and settled down to play and rest in Sausalito. She wended her eager way to Carmel for the holidays and with reluctance we see her depart. While here she too was a guest of the Ray Boyntons.

Mackenzie Gordon, prominent "Bohemian," possessor of a famous singing voice and who is a frequent visitor in Carmel, with Mrs. Mackenzie Gordon, is a guest at Pine Inn.

Vasia Anikeyev, one time Carmelite beloved for his golden bass returned to us for an indefinite period. After a time of fruitful study in Berlin, Moscow and other foreign music centers, he has returned to New York and Chicago where he has just closed a season in opera. We look forward with joyful eagerness to his promised concert in the near future and remember on his first coming to Carmel, how he stood silhouetted against an open window streaming red of a Carmel sunset and sang, without accompaniment, the Volga River boat song. A promise of this artist's concert brings hope that he may see fit to include a repetition of this thrilling first performance!

COUNTY LIBRARIAN TO BE P.-T. A. SPEAKER

The first Carmel Parent Teacher Association meeting for the coming year will be held in Sunset School auditorium on Wednesday afternoon next, January 9th, at three o'clock. The speaker for the afternoon will be Miss Anne Haddon, County Librarian. Miss Haddon will talk on "Reading For Children." The public is cordially invited to attend.

TRAGEDY OR HOAX?

Gus Englund, always on the job, picked up an SOS message enclosed in a bottle washed ashore near Pebble Beach. It runs as follows: "SOS Dec. 26, 1928. In Evinrude motor boat off coast of Monterey. No landing in sight. Motor dead. Mary Garfield and William Garfield."

The message is scrawled in pencil on a torn piece of linen writing paper. It may be the last earthly communication of two people caught outside the rocks and surf in a stalled motor boat. They may have been without oars, as sometimes happens in a power craft, even if the motor is only an outboard affair. But even with oars escape might be doubtful with any but an experienced and powerful oarsman, in the face of a strong tide washing a small boat toward rocks surrounded by cross currents and huge breaking waves.

The names signed to the note do not appear in any Peninsula directory. They may have been tourists accustomed to Evinruding on inland lakes, who boldly attempted to navigate the ocean and found it too much for them. It seems more than likely the message is authentic. But let us hope it is what the police consider it—some practical joker's idea of a joke.

JIMMIE DUGAN, FAMOUS DOG KILLED BY AUTOMOBILE

Jimmie Dugan, bull terrier owned by Mrs. Daisy Bostick, was killed by an automobile last Sunday. Jimmie was so nearly human, so intelligent and faithful, that the loss was of a close friend to many who know the dog. First with Gene Byrnes for master, then as Mrs. Bostick's pet, he had become well known throughout Carmel.

And in pictures, the comic strips of boys which have made Gene Byrnes famous wherever newspapers are read, Jimmy Dugan has long had a place, his doings, real and imaginary, being part of the humor of the drawings. So his fame was wider than the village where he has lived.

PIONEER BOOK SHOP CHANGES OWNERSHIP

The Seven Arts Book Shop, which since its beginning far back in Carmel's early days has been the property of Herbert Heron, has changed hands, and Mrs. Nathalie Smith is the new proprietress. Heron, writer, poet, actor, producer and playwright, hopes now to have time to attend to some of the professions in which he delights.

The Seven Arts Book Shop first had its home in the Heron residence on Mountain View avenue, but moved down-town into the Pine Cone offices on Ocean avenue about ten years ago. Later, the Herbert Herons built the structure at Lincoln and Ocean avenue which bears the name of the shop, the Seven Arts Building.

From secretary to vice-president of the Irving Trust company of Wall street, New, York to Ocean avenue, Carmel, may seem a long jump to some. But not to Miss Nathalie Smith who skips lightly over the space with ease. "As far as people go, Carmel is more sophisticated than New York," remarked Miss Smith. "But a conversation begun in Greenwich Village where I lived, could be continued in Carmel without a break in the sentence. Both are the same people, they have lived in both places."

"How did you happen to come to Carmel?"

"I was tired and needed a rest. Carmer rested me. When my vacation was over I didn't want to go back. So I resigned my job and persuaded Herbert Heron to sell me his Seven Arts Book Shop. He agreed if I'd let him hang around the store whenever he gets homesick for the books he loves so well. I agreed if he'd promise not to make faces at the customers when they buy one of his favorites and attempt to take it out of the shop."

"When did the new arrangement go into effect??"

"New Year's Day. It was a nice way to begin the year, wasn't it?"

"Are you planning any changes?"

"Oh yes. My new lending library will be very complete with the newest and best of fiction and biography. Later on I may add stationery and typewriters."

COUNTY HEALTH OFFICER SOON TO BE NAMED

Monterey county's health department and appointment of a successor to Dr. R. C. Main, whose resignation as head of the health unit took effect on January 1, will be one of the most important matters before the board of supervisors when it convenes next Monday in Salinas.

No successor for Dr. Main, who resigned to become head of the Santa Barbara county health department, has been seriously considered as yet. It is thought probable that Dr. Margaret Bullard of King City, a deputy county health officer, will be given a temporary appointment as head of the department and that a full time successor to Dr. Main will be named at a later date.

The State Department of Health is actively interesting itself in the problem in an effort to insure appointment of a competent health official. A representative of the state health force addressed the supervisors on the public health question at their last meeting.

Monday's meeting of the board will also mark the first appearance of Major A. A. Caruthers as representative from the fifth district. He succeeds Dr. J. L. D. Roberts. Retirement of Dr. Roberts, chairman of the board for the past four years, also makes necessary the election of a new chairman. George Dudley and H. E. Abbott, incumbent supervisors from San Ardo and Salinas, have both been mentioned as probable successors to Dr. Roberts.

BROTHER OF LOCAL MAN PASSES AWAY

Relatives and friends in Carmel were shocked yesterday to learn of the death of Robert Towne at Ryer island in the Sacramento river. He was about 24 years old and succumbed to pneumonia. He was a brother of Charles Towne of Carmel and also leaves a sister, Miss Madge Towne, who is a guest of the former at present. He was a native of England and had been in this country only a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Douglass, their daughter Mary Elizabeth and their son Scott motored to San Jose Monday and spent New Year's Day with friends, the R. J. Tuckers of that city.

"THE WIDE WORLD CONTRIBUTES"

A. Milnor Message

REMEMBER MILNOR'S FOR GIFTS

HAVE you visited Milnor's lately . . . Where thousands of out-of-the-ordinary and distinctly different things are constantly being brought from all over the world for gift purposes.

We invite you to get acquainted with this gift shop. You will enjoy a pleasant half-hour visit here.

17 Shops in California and Honolulu

MILNOR INC IMPORTERS

Prices 50c to $4.000

Del Monte Hotel—Del Monte

ORIENTAL and EUROPEAN GIFTS ~ ART OBJECTS ~ JEWELRY

ANNOUNCING

the purchase of Campbell's Cash Grocery by Melvin E. Lindstrom and H. L. Clement.

It is our sincere desire to continue with the policy which so pleased our patrons in the past—the policy of friendly service and best foods.

Our new name is

DOLORES CASH GROCERY

Free Delivery

TAKE EGGS, For INSTANCE and on OCEAN AVENUE

Did they think it was Easter? Was it an egg rolling contest? Was it a Petaluma picnic? Carmel citizens wondered! With eggs going up steadily it is no wonder that the entire village was aghast last week Monday when an avalanche of strictly fresh ones came down with a dull sickening thud and stretched themselves the length and breadth of Ocean avenue!

It happened as follows: Mrs. M. C. Sampson, who uses only fresh ranch eggs in her tea room kitchen had just returned from a weekly egg-buying expedition up the valley. A large crate of eggs filled the back of her car. A flimsy slat crosswise on the top of the crate looked to Elizabeth Sampson, who rushed from the tea room to the assistance of her mother, a suitable and stout handle with which to lift the delicate merchandise from its resting place.

One mighty swing and the crate was hoisted clear!

Fifteen dozen eggs spoke at once!!!

And Elizabeth held nothing in her strong young hand but a frail splinter of wood! Whole eggs, quarter eggs, shells without eggs, eggs without yolks and just eggs shot through the Christmas atmosphere like hail in Ohio!

A hue and cry was raised by those who did not carry umbrellas and a crowd gathered as eggs spread! An impromptu community egg rush was on! Everybody chased! Some slipped! Only to be egged on again by those less agile of foot. The world was full of eggs!

After the fire department, police force and garden section of the Carmel Woman's Club had done all they could it was found that at least nine of the more timid eggs had been found intact.

A check-up resulted in the following report:

A dozen or so of the eggs slid more or less dazedly into Minges grocery where they managed to go up on the counter with their less active cousins and will probably be shelled out later to unsuspecting customers. Only a ranch egg could be that fresh!

Two suspicious looking eggs landed on the doorstep of "The Game Cock."

Some eggs were seen darting around the corner and climbing the stairs of the Carmel Art Gallery, where they now probably suffer from a touch of cold storage. It takes but a strong egg or two and a few darts to do a successful frieze in some art galleries!

One lone egg thought to get hard boiled and made for the tall timber where it will undoubtedly become a yegg egg and crack up in some safe place!

A trio of brown ones were spied gaily rolling into Whiffin's Art Shop where they were lost completely under a stack of antique pottery. All efforts to locate proved futile. If not routed before Feb. first they will be known as Whiffin eggs!

A baker's dozen were chased into the Carmel bakery where due to the quick side stepping of Effie McLean they charged uncontrollably into the kitchen where they mixed with a batch of hot cross buns and were beaten to a pulp!

Two good eggs loomed up at the Fraser weaving establishment.

Roger Sturtevant fell down three flights of stairs rushing to the scene where he took photographs of eggs and eggs in controverted, contrapuntal, counteracting positions behind trees, hanging from bicycles, sprouting from baby carriages and dripping from beards!

Herbert Heron reports that one bad egg (the only black sheep in the lot) side swiped the Seven Arts building and made straight for Robert Welles Ritchie's new book, "Hell Roarin' '49ers."

All holiday customers at the Harper Method Beauty Parlors were treated to a free egg shampoo.

Second story eggs invaded Pine Inn and the morning after Pine Inners paid John Jordan for what was rightfully a Blue Bird breakfast!

A half dozen of the best eggs slipped down by the gutter route into the Carmel church where, being hard shelled, they got into the wrong pew and were taken up with the collection!

The Blue Bird
LUNCHEON — TEAS
DINNER
Ocean Avenue Phone 161

GREETINGS FROM AN OLD FRIEND

Comes a holiday greeting card from Kate Carew in Cote D'Azur, southern France, addressed to all her dear friends of old Carmel. Kate Carew, once a cartoonist of the London weeklies, now Mrs. J. A. Reed, was a Carmelite ten years ago, she and her husband having lived here for a year or more, and there are many friends to be interested in this word from her.

FINDS SNOW JUST AS SNOW USED TO BE

It was fourteen years since Mrs. David Alberto had seen the snow fly, or rolled in a snow drift. Born in Sweden, where snow is as regular as the winter months in the calendar, Mrs. Alberto had married a Californian, and lost the feeling of ice and frost. With Mrs. P. K. Gordon and Mrs. J. S. Cone, Alberto drove her to the Yosemite last week, and she reverted to type.

"Ash Can Alley" is a toboggan slide where the tin tops of ash cans are used for sleds, and accidents are the mere incidents of the sport. The visitors from Carmel sledded on spinning covers, and had every accident on the program. Mrs. Alberto absorbed snow enough to last her for another fourteen years.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT WITH LOSS OF LIFE

In a collision of automobiles on the valley road about a mile beyond the Hatton dairy ranch last Saturday evening, Alesio Bernardi lost his life, and his brother Deno Bernardi was seriously injured. The facts of the case are being investigated by Argyll Campbell, deputy district attorney.

A truck, driven by Carl W. Stanfield of Salinas, said by him to have been parked at the edge of the road, was struck by the car in which the Bernardi brothers were being driven by G. de la Mora, and a casing extending from the rear of the truck was driven through the front of the car, killing Bernardi almost instantly.

Stanfield said he had parked his truck alongside the road to aid Misss Alice Bernardez, 217 Carmel avenue, Pacific Grove, another motorist who was in trouble. Miss Bernardez was accompanied by a younger sister. Failing to repair the damages Stanfield sent the younger girl to the Martin ranch, where her father was, hailing a passing motorist who furnished transportation.

When the younger Miss Bernardez failed to return Stanfield drove the older girl in his truck, to the Martin ranch where the aid of Hatton Martin was enlisted in the search for the younger sister.

The truck was returned and again parked near the stalled Bernardez machine and three people, Martin, Stanfield and Miss Bernardez, resumed the search for the lost girl. Returning to the scene of the trouble, riding in the Martin machine, the three people noticed a coupe traveling ahead of them. It was moving at about 40 miles an hour, all agreed.

They saw the coupe crash into the parked truck. All lights were burning on the truck they said and the parked machine was clearly visible at a distance of from 150 to 200 feet.

The dead and injured were rushed to the Carmel hospital by Pete Bartowick, who passed the scene shortly after the accident. The injured man is expected to recover.

Funeral services for the accident victim were held at 10:30 Wednesday morning from the Freeman undertaking parlors. The funeral cortege proceeded to San Carlos church and then to the Monterey Catholic church for burial. Save for his brother, injured in the accident which caused his death, the young man has no immediate relatives on the peninsula. He was a native of Italy and 19 years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Pederson of Berkeley are in their cottage here for the New Year holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Henn of Berkeley are spending the holidays in Carmel with friends.

The Misses Maud and Alys Snow who have been living in the bay region all fall spent the holidays in Carmel.

Mrs. Carrie Bassett is spending the holidays in San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry L. Ballantyne and her daughter, Miss Betty, of Berkeley have taken a cottage in Carmel for the week.

Miss Francel Tyler, who has many friends in Carmel spent the holidays at Del Monte Lodge with a party of friends.

An interesting party who spent the holidays at Pine Inn included Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps Ross of Boston, Mrs. J. D. Withington and her daughter, also of Boston, and Major D. C. Robyns, of Kitah, Kenya Colony, British East Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Poore are spending the holidays in their cottage on Carmelo street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norton, who spent the Christmas holidays in San Francisco, have returned to Carmel.

200 ACRES

Rainbow Lodge—The Sharp property on Mill Creek—Ocean frontage, beautiful beach, redwoods, on Carmel-San Simeon Highway

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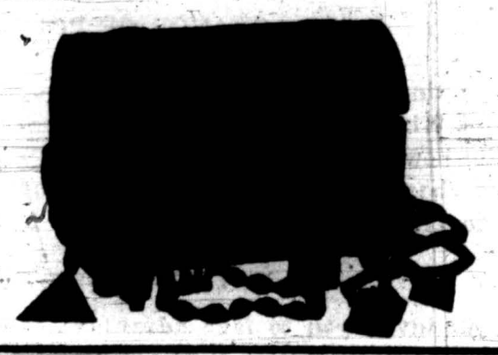

What a Dollar Can Do

Women's dresses, smocks—
Hose of lisle and wool, from 2 to 3 pair—
FOR THE CHILDREN — Smocks, dresses, sweaters, bath robes—
Hose and Socks, from 2 to 5 pair—
$1

ALL ARTECO LINENS AT COST

Goldstine's
Adjoining Post Office CARMEL
MONTEREY 400 Alvarado Street

A FULL LINE OF ADVANCED SPRING DRESSES

The Cinderella Shop
Ocean Ave., near Dolores
CARMEL

Coats — Vogue Hats
Dresses of Russian inspiration by Mariska Karasz

A BUSHEL of CHAFF

By Hal Garrott

Miscan is not at all the kind of dog some folks think. She does not really go out on the street just to lure customers into the Fraser looms. It is only because Mrs. Fraser has taught her cunning little Yorkshire terrier to run back to the shop and get into her basket the instant she sees a stranger coming. And you can't blame a stranger for trailing such a dainty little four-legged lady. Miscan is well aware of her charms and uses them as effectively as her short-skirted sisters. As you approach she slips temptingly away, nodding her curly head over her shoulder at you. And the first thing you know, you're inside the Fraser shop listening open-mouthed to the fascinating tales Mrs. Fraser tells about Vatican hemstitch, and Mousolini cross-stitch, to say nothing of the intricacies of hems, tucks and gimps! Like her human sisters, Miscan is not always an angel. When Judge Fraser relaxes after dinner to nap over his paper, the little vixen likes to grab the end of his belt in her teeth and hang from it. This pulls the belt strap tighter and tighter around the judicial waist, until His Honor wakes out of a night-mare wondering who's trying to strangle him—and discovers it's only Miscan.

The view from the Trails Club log cabin on the coast three miles south of the Big Sur surpasses anything in the experience of two globe trotters who saw it recently. When beauty lovers generally discover this spot, there will be fewer passages to Europe and more to Carmel.

Wandering in Hatton Fields around Christmas reminds one of fifteenth century Italy. Attached to the door of a mediaeval Spanish mansion, also to a Norman granite tower, you will spy two della Robbia wreathes. They were made by a lady whose ambition is to keep her name out of the Pine Cone. That she has other and more worthy ambitions, the wreathes are eloquent testimony. Over a ground of small green leaves are mounted shellaced pine cones, glazed pomegranites, lemons, oranges, ruddy apples. These festive decorations take one back through the galleries of Italy to the splendorous days of the Medici.

"Ain't Christmas hell!" said a busy housewife on Ocean avenue with a smile that came from the other place. With two invalids in the family to nurse, a house to manage, and the role of Santa Claus to play, no wonder she thinks Christmas is not all they say it is.

No, the Pine Cone doesn't print praise about itself. It's contrary to the editorial policy. Gregory H. Illanes of Wall street, New York, wrote us an air mail telling—well, to put it mildly—what a rotten sheet we publish, then hopped into an airplane and flew to Carmel. His first call in the village was on the editors. In his letter Mr. Illanes had enclosed a check for $20 for the Carmel Christmas celebration.

Like New York, Carmel is supported by visitors from all over the country. They make their money elsewhere and bring it here to spend, for which our merchants no doubt are duly grateful. Considering they pay the piper, the newcomers are likely to get what tune they want, or know the reason why. All they want is a quiet residence city where they may pursue their hobbies and recreations away from the commercial scramble. They thank heaven there's at least one town in the United States where commercialism does not predominate, and which business does not control. For Carmelite residents are weary of chambers of commerce, ad and service clubs. They've out-lived all that in their youth, and have come here to get away from it. Our shops, think they, are here merely to supply their needs, not for the purpose of turning Carmel into another Main Street of bustling Babbitts.

The Bank of Carmel has over two thousand personal checking accounts owned by people from every part of the United States, who come here to escape from the great American disease—Business. It will be profitable to respect their wishes—and disastrous to attempt to make Carmel into another Salinas or Watsonville.

If our glorious land is to become something more than a nation of shopkeepers, it is up to such an oasis as Carmel-by-the-Sea to lead the way to better things.

Government employees in London like the fountains in Trafalgar Square, are said to "play from ten to four." No such comparison can be made with Carmel's Public Library. For it does not open till two p.m. and closes precisely at five. Clerks who would like to improve their minds during the noon hour, find the library doors barred against them. Three short hours in the afternoon and occasionally two in the evenings are insufficient for a town with Carmel's population of readers.

At 10 p.m. Saturday I strolled the length of Ocean avenue. Our simple little village was asleep, but the colored lights on the Christmas tree still twinkled and the jolly moon beamed down upon the deserted street. Here and there a night light revealed the shadowy contents of a store window. Mysterious shadows lay all about me. It was another Carmel, fantastic and elf-like. Back and forth I wandered amid phantom trees and ghostly dwellings. A dark form accosted me.

"Speak, speak, thou fearful guest, or forever hold thy peace!" I commanded.

"What are you doing up so late?" demanded the surprised voice of my neighbor.

"Nothing," said I, innocently. "Just looking 'em over."

"Looking who over?"

"Carmel, of course."

"Are you sure it was only Carmel?" he asked, in a suspicious voice.

"Yes, of course—I'm a married man—but isn't our little city charming at night!"

"Yes," he admitted, "but how much longer will it stay like that?"

"Until some deluded parvenues insist on building a Great White Way along Ocean avenue—"

"Heaven forbid!" he cried. "When that happens I shall commit justifiable suicide—"

"Not me," I broke in. "I'll leave town, if I have to go on crutches—"

"And where will you go?" he inquired, ironically.

I tried to think of a town on the California coast uncursed with a Great White Way. "God knows!" I gave up, in despair, and in my heart felt more thankful than ever for Carmel.

Arthur Cyril and his Russian wolf dog are stopping in Carmel now while Cyril is directing Kempy, a three act comedy, for the Exchange Club in Pacific Grove. The play will be produced January 19.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Billinger have gone to Pasadena for a several weeks' visit with friends.

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January

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Starting from January 5th and continuing throughout the month we intend to dispose of every item in our splendid stock that sells above $2.00. This means that scores of choice objects will go at cost or below.

This sale presents a most unusual opportunity to acquire some beautiful and useful objects for your own home or as gifts for your friends.

The purpose of this January Sale is to put into effect a complete

CHANGE OF POLICY

Starting from Feb. 1st, we will re-open under the name of "The Window Witch" and will present to Carmel something quite new and unique in gift shops. We will carry a variety of very charming and useful gifts and our prices will range from 5c to $2.00.

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DON'T WORRY ABOUT TREE MOSS, SAY OUR LOCAL BOTANISTS

Because there has come again that strain of nervous fear for the lives of the cypresses along our coast, the Pine Cone reprints two articles by local botanists, written almost a year ago, dealing with the mosses on our trees. Elinor Smith is now well known in Carmel, and has written considerable regarding the plant life of the peninsula; and Fremont O. Ballou is connected with the Carnegie Coastal Laboratories, and is a tree specialist.

To The Editor:

In your recent issue for Feb. 18 a tree lover—Reginald Pelham Bolton—writes a worried letter about the "moss parasites" that "threaten" the destruction of the pines and cypresses on Point Lobos and Cypress Point.

As an expression of commendable interest in our beautiful cypresses and pines it is interesting, but fortunately that particular matter need worry no one. If all our tree troubles could be so easily dismissed—the innumerable bark borers, fungi of many types, from the clustered "honey mushrooms" and several rather similar types; the bracket and the ruffled fungi, the spores of which reach the heart-wood—the only place they can grow, through wounds made by broken limbs, skinned bark or unpainted large prunings; the curious rough brown growths, caused by a fungus, which make great knobby excrescences on limb and trunk—if these very destructive troubles could be dismissed as the "moss parasites" can, we could greatly rejoice. For neither mosses — here confined chiefly to large oaks—nor lichens, which decorate pines, cypresses, oaks and most wild limbs with some of their many species, are parasitic, but are perfectly harmless, unless in such masses that they keep light and air from the growing bark.

The lichens are air plants, drawing their sustenance from the air and rain, and are merely attached to the already dead twigs or outer bark of shrubs and trees. The tree mosses, always crowded wee plants with tiny bright grown leaves, besides feeding upon the air, accumulate dust, their own decaying vegetation, etc., and live on the two, never on the sap of the tree.

The lichens add greatly to the beauty of our woods; they are never bright green; but are whitish, long and lacey, or short, or ruffled, of many shades of blue-green, golden, black and grey. Both the lichens and the mosses become dry and apparently lifeless when rain ceases, and make no growth until rain or heavy fog starts them again growing.

The curious bright brown fungus-like growths on our cypresses—so scientists tell us, is really an alga growing only on dead twigs or outer bark, and is perfectly harmless.

The Spanish moss of the Southern States is neither a lichen nor a true moss, but a flowering plant, and does not occur here.

ELINOR SMITH.

Editor, The Pine Cone:

Having made a special study of the trees of the Carmel region and their natural enemies during a two year residence here, the writer has quit natually interested in a letter headed "Moss Parasite threatens Trees" by Mr Reginald Pelham Bolton of New York, which appeared in your issue of February 14th.

The writer is at a loss to understand just what "moss" was referred to unless it could be the common greyish green lichen which adorns the dead limbs of our pines, oaks and cypresses, and which is not a true moss although popularly given that name.

As there are no parasitic mosses, and as the lichen undoubtedly referred to is quite harmless, living mainly on lower branches killed by the natural process of shading, there is no cause for alarm from of its order, derives its nourishment of its order, derwesitsnourishment entirely from the air and is never paarsitic on the trees on which it is found.

During several years of study of the Monterey Cypress, the writer has never been able to discover any important fungus or insect parasite on the local trees. Practically all of the dead trees found on Cypress Point and Point Lobos appear to have succumbed to old age. Our two other important local trees, the coast live oak and the Monterey pine, however, each have an important insect enemy. These pests are the oak moth, whose larvae defoliate our live oaks during certain years, and the pine beetle, Dendroctonus valens, which is ever present, although most active during the dry season.

All three of these trees have, however, one very important enemy whose destructive work far exceeds that of the combined efforts of all of the many fungus and insect foes, and that enemy is the man with the axe. It is his work of annihilation which must be curbed and new trees speedily planted to replace those injudiciously removed if Carmel is to maintain that charming individuality which distinguishes it from our neighboring treeless, artificial seaside resorts.

Yours very truly,
FREMONT O. BALLOU.

Coastal Laboratory,
Carnegie Institute of Washington,
Carmel California.
March 2, 1927.

LIBRARY ENRICHED BY PRESENT OF BOOKS

The Harrison Memorial Library has profited by the friendship of Mrs. Sara J. McChesney and Mrs. May Benton MacLafferty who were both leaders in artistic and literary circles in pioneer days. The other day two copies of Popular Weaving and Embroidering in Spain were received, presented by Mrs. MacLafferty in memory of Mrs. McChesney.

The book on Spanish craft, written by Mildred Stapley, is beautifully illustrated with colored plates. One will be put on the shelves for circulation, the other will be kept for reference.

Mrs. McChesney, in whose memory the books were given, was the mother of Miss Alice McChesney, who is active in the garden section of the Carmel Woman's Club which sustains the library garden.

HAROLD KNOTT REVISITS CARMEL

Harold Knott, who until his marriage last May lived and painted in a studio in Carmel Woods, has just returned to his home at Mora Bay after spending a few days in Carmel. He brought a new picture for exhibition in the Carmel Art Gallery to take the place of the small pictures in the juried exhibition which began January 2. He is busily engaged at present painting large canvases for exhibition purposes. He is one of the Carmel artists who upon moving away keep in touch with Carmel by returning to sketch and exhibit at the gallery. William Went, dean of California painters, Arran Kilpatrick and Harold Knott are the only resident artists at Mora Bay. The beauty of the place attracts many tourist artists.

While driving into Carmel from the Highlands last Friday morning, E. A. Mason, driver of the Highlands Hudson private car, was side swiped by Manuel Pereira, Jr., of Carmel, who was driving a Ford and going in the opposite direction. The left running board of the Hudson was demolished and the fender badly bent. No one was hurt and the Ford was uninjured.

Miss Margaret Fortier and her guest, Miss Mabel Stoddard, who have been occupying one of the Kinsell cottages on South Lincoln street for two weeks, have returned to their homes in San Francisco.

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SCRIBBLES and SKETCHES

By Monte

WHO'S WHAT AND WHY NOT: What we call the height of suicide-seeking, death-defying, cramp-craving pastime was indulged in by four of Carmel's younger set on the night after Christmas. After a sufficiently heating up exercise on horseback up and down the Carmel beach in the moonlight, these four horsemen of the appendices galloped on to the Carmel river, where exchanging riding togs for summer bathing suits they splashed head long into the icy waters at high tide and, so they insist, enjoyed a midnight bathing party.

While the middle aged chatted by firesides the rising generation chattered by moonlight and called it a day. Today's whoopee will result in tomorrow's wheel-chair! So loudly wail the older ones.

Up until the day before New Years only two of the party of winter swimmers were badly impaired. Both young ladies were unable to use limbs or lungs. Jack Jordan and Harold Gates to all appearances remain in the pink of condition.

I ASK YOU: Why do we do the same OLD things every NEW year?

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS

In olive tweed
On ebony steed
Madam and mount
Seem pedigreed
From gloved rein-hand
Black prances grand
Born to the sadle
Is Mrs. Shand!

SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT: Resolutions we are going to make for 1930!

CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION

EXHIBITION

2 to 5, except Sundays

Small Sketches and Etchings

Selling on Budget Plan

Court of the Seven Arts

Some things we don't keep too many of in Carmel are: tenements, ten commandments, ten-cent stores, tennis courts, ten dollar bills and tentative intentions!

It will soon be time to Spring the old Gag about Christmas Jewelry being the first thing to turn green in the Spring!

"NICE LITTLE CITY" commented a holiday visitor to our hamlet. We cry out against this and after drying our tears bethink us that we can prove we are NOT a city. Some one, we think it was Elbert Hubbard, said quite wisely that a CITY IC: Any place where men have builded a jail, a gallows, a morgue, a hospital, a saloon and laid out a cemetery—hence a center of life. A herding region; any part o fthe earth where ignorance and stupidity integrate, agglomerate and breed.

Barring the church and hospital, where does Carmel come in when it comes to qualifying under this definition? Long may we NEVER!

WEEKENDERS: Mr. and Mrs. Ality and little Geney Ality here for the holidays. We hope they stay on and on. Mr. and Mrs. Demic and old Aunt Eppie Demic have been threatening to leave Carmel for some time. We leave it to Gus and the M.D.'s to shoot them over the hill!

HONOR PASSING OF PIONEER CARMELITE

By LAURA BRIDE POWERS

When the new year broke over the little Spanish colony at Monterey and the Mission over the hill in 1782, it fell upon a hushed and saddened people. Fray Juan Crespi, co-pastor with Junipero Serra, first friar explorer on the Pacific Coast, and mystic laborer in the Vineyard of the Lord in New Spain, was dead.

When the news spread to the pueblo and the presidio at Monterey, the bells of the Royal Presidio Church tolled out the tidings. At daybreak, officers and officials proceeded to the Mission, where the neophyte Indians had kept vigil over the dead with Junipero, thus bereft of his companion and dearest friend. The blow fell hard upon Serra, who had always counted loneliness the hardest cross to bear in the new country—the need of mental and spiritual refreshment with men of his own tongue and type.

Fray Palou, in his "Life of Serra," writes of Crespi's burial, "Father Junipero had him buried in the presbytery at the gospel side of the altar in his own church of the Mission of San Carlos. Two other missionary fathers (Franciscans) took part in the funeral service, after having given him all due honors. The commander of the Presidio was also present with all the troops from that place and from the Mission, as well as all the converted Indians, whose lamentations eloquently expresed the love they had for him as their Father This love the Venerable Father Junipero also expressed to me later, when, just before he died, he requested that he be given burial by the side of his beloved disciple and companion, Fray Juan Crespi, and in this way he indicated not only his great love for him, but the very high esteem in which he held him in view of his blameless life and model virtues.'

Serra, broken now in spirit as well as in body, followed his friend in August, 1784, and was accordingly laid beside Crespi, as Junipero so earnestly had requested. That was in the first church. When the stone church, the landmark of our day, was completed, the bodies were reinterred with loving hands, where they have reposed to this day— the beautiful old sanctuary their significant tomb. And it was in their honor that Monsignor Mestres caused the sarcophagus, Jo Mora's sculptured historical record, to be built on the site of the first chapel and the first interment.

Fray Crespi, says Dr. Herbert E. Bolton in his recent book "Fray Juan Crespi, Missionary Explorer," occupies a conspicuous place among the great diarists of the New World, who recorded the explorations thereof. "For more than three decades he pioneered the wilds of North America. Like Francisco Palou, he was a pupil of the great Serra. • • • He came with them to America in 1749. Beside them, he went as a missionary to the mountain fastness of northeast of the Astec capita, the Sierra Gorda. • • • He was the only friar who made the whole of the 1500 mile march from Vellicata (Mexico) to San Francisco Bay" on that first dramatic march into, the western wilderness. And his least known, and undeniably most perilous explorative achievement, was the voyage with Juan Perez in the Santiago to the North Pacific, reaching the shores of Alaska—the first white men to ascend the uncharted coast of the North Pacific. This diary is one of the most important records left by the great Franciscan whose death is commemorated today. And upon whose tomb in San Carlos Mission a few flowers will be laid today in loving memory of a pioneer almost forgot.

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Out January 11

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DOCKS OF NEW YORK

On next Wednesday and Thursday George Bancroft will be featured in Docks of New York at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. This picture is outstanding for its dramatic and entertaining value featured by the acting of George Bancroft, who portrays the role of a ship stoker, the rough, virile type that he excels in. In the supporting cast are Betty Compston and Mitchell Lewis, who contribute much to the story.

On Sunday and Monday appears Clara Bow in Three Week Ends, this star's latest vehicle. The theatre management announces that they have secured the very latest news events for showing in Carmel;, they will be shown here at the same time the Granada theatre in San Francisco presents them. This new service starts Sunday and Monday and will continue with the showing of each two day picture. This same service is given to only four other towns besides Carmel and San Francisco, Those towns are Sacramento, Fresno, San Jose and Stockton.

Also an item of interest to the families in Carmel, is the announcement that "A FAMILY NIGHT" will be given every other Friday night starting today. A picture will be presented that will be enjoyed by every member of the family, usually of the comedy drama type. The admission is seveny-five cents for the entire family with a limit placed on five persons.

DESERT SONG OPERA COMES TO GOLDEN STATE

Lillian Albertson's production of the Romberg operetta, "The Desert Song," will be seen at the Golden State theatre on Monday, January 7th, with the original cast.

The plot is not as thin as are the usual plots in musical plays. The idea is of a young French officer who through accident becomes the leader of a band of Riffs in Morocco and undertakes to be just to both his Moorish friends and to his French fellow countrymen. He apparently fails, through his love for a French girl, is disgraced among both French and natives, but finally comes to his own, girl included.

Perry Askam and Elvira Tanzi are still heading the original company. Eddie Featherston is winning new laurels as Benny, and David Reese in the tenor role of Sid El Kar, is proving a sheer delight. Askam continues to win many encores for his "One Alone" and "The Desert Song." The balance of the cast includes Nenette Vallon, Gary Breckner, John Merkyl, Charles Villar, Myrtis Crinley, Dorothy McCormick, John Wagner and others.

The augmented symphony orchestra is under the capable direction of Cecil Stewart and his unique wielding of the baton brings forth much praise nightly.

Next Week at GOLDEN BOUGH

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Three Week Ends

Tuesday, Jan. 8
Elinor Glyn's
Mad Hour

Wed.-Thurs., Jan. 9-10
The
Docks of New York
Geo. Bancroft
Betty Compson

Mrs. G. Earle of Berkeley has returned to Carmel, bringing her two grandchildren, Marge and Earle Dorrance of Hatton Fields back with her. The children have been visiting in Berkeley for the past two months. Mrs. Earle is the mother of Mrs. James French Dorrance.

Miss A. M. Phillips of Texas is visiting the James French Dorrance family in Hatton Fields for an indefinite period. Miss Phillips is an aunt of Mrs. Dorrance.

Mrs. Bert Hyde is spending a week in Hollywood visiting friends.

FRANZ LUDWIG'S MUSICAL DIGEST

By Thomas Vincent Cator

In its newly published booklet, "Pre-School Music: A Guide to Parents," the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music has made an important contribution to the stimulation of musical interest among children too young for formal work, right in the home, and with the help only of the mother. The book is by Floy A. Rossman, who has had wide experience as a music supervisor and especially with the smaller children, and who has realized how much could be accomplished before the child entered school, even by the untrained mother, provided she is given a little help and encouragement in the use of her own voice and the instruments available in the home. Undoubtedly great opportunities have been missed in the past through lack of direction in employing these factors wisely to awaken the child's musical sense and bring forth his first musical expression.

C. M. Tremaine, director of the Bureau, has long felt the need of such a guide for the general public. Proof of the wide appeal of the subject is the fact that an article in the November issue of McCall's Magazine, mentioning the Bureau's new booklet, has already brought in to Mr. Tremaine no less than 200 requests for it, with more coming in every day. Many of the requests include comments indicating that the mothers have been eager ot start their offspring upon the musical path, but lacked confidence in their own unaided efforts, and were happy to know that they could now secure suggestions by an expert, which were yet within their own capacities to carry out.

The "Guide" is based on the recognized principles of child psychology, which demand the use of imitation and the play spirit in the learning process. The young ear may be trained unconsciously by imitating the call of birds and other sounds of nature and by hearing the songs of the mother, if these are rightly selected. The home piano too has an important function, whether the mother can play it acceptably or not, for it is there to check up on the melody, serve as a model for reproducing tones, and also as the field of experiment for the child's first venture in finding tunes and rythmic patterns for himself. Development of the rythmic sense is given considerable attention in the booklet, and here the mother's effort may be supplemented by the phonograph, player piano and reproducing piano.

This book is perhaps the first devoted exclusively to the basic principals as they affect the pre-school years, and as they may be applied by non-musicians. It will do much to make more valuable to parents and children alike whatever instruments the home possesses. Those who put its suggestions into practice will no longer have silent pianos or phonographs indiscriminately used, but will make these instruments serve one of their noblest purposes—an agency of musical education in the earliest and most impressionable years. The booklet may be had by writing the Bureau, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

• • • •

For inspiring determination to succeed over handicaps, Beethoven offers a shining example to all who feel that they could accomplish big things if it wasn't for this or that.

Not only did Beethoven write his greatest compositions while afflicted with the deafnesss which began growing on him at 25, but also in spite of poor eyesight, rheumatism, disappointments in his family life and financial troubles, points out Emil Ludwig in the current Cosmopolitan.

Although he was robust in appearance, Beethoven's handicaps began in childhood, according to Ludwig. As he grew older and won some fame, the musician himself, added to his troubles by a rather peculiar practice. One of his pupils speaks of it as follows: "When he had been sitting at a table composing for some time and felt his head becoming heated from this, he would rush to the washstand, pour pitchers of water over his heated head, and after getting cool in this manner, while still only partially dried, he would return to work or even go outdoors for a walk. All this was done abruptly in order that he might not lose the force of his inspiration." His deafness has been attributed to this habit.

But in spite of this and other misfortunes which befell him, he wrote on, and even played publicly when he could hardly hear the notes he was striking.

"The full purity of everything Beethoven produced was assured by his inner ear," says Ludwig's Cosmopolitan article. "Neither his contemporaries nor posterity could detect any evidence of the master's deafness, and, as a composer, he never complained of his fate since it did no injury to his works."

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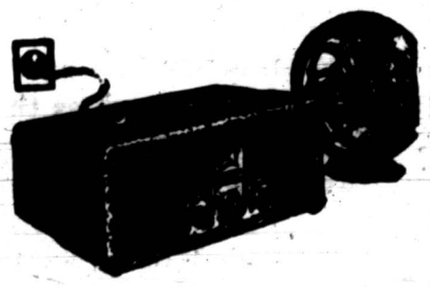
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WHAT THE EDITORS THINK

THE STANDARD BEARER

The editor who claims that his newspaper means much to the town, is not necessarily open to the charge of egotism. For the meaning may be good or bad. As people are known by the company they keep, so are cities known, justly or unjustly, by their newspapers. If the local press is the voice of the people with perhaps an added note of aspiration, all's well and good. That town will receive just appraisal from the outside world. But if the home organ is unrepresentative and unworthy, the community receives an unmerited black eye that no amount of grease paint will remove. Thus, no matter how humble and unimportant he may appear to you, the local editor bears a precious burden—the responsibility for his town's reputation.

"Who steals my purse steals trash," is truer of the editorial pocketbook than Shakespeare ever dreamed. It is also true that he who steals his town's reputation has taken something that money cannot buy. The local editor can hardly be blamed for taking his problem a bit seriously. Being human he must live. There are meat and grocery bills that editorials will not pay. As standard bearer for the town the editor's hands are tied. And he has no fingers free with which to grab his share from the common pot. His subsistence depends on the well-armed soldiers whose flag he carries. Has he borne it courageously and honorably. Then let him inscribe your name conspicuously upon the banner which waves for you. It is his due.

BUSINESS IS UNIMPORTANT

Undaunted, let us try again. Another Christmas is coming, another and another after that. For most of us there will be plenty of Christmasses, when we may practice being a community.

The spirit of the whole is a powerful force. It should mean all good things for Carmel, guiding our crusading city worthily toward the bigger things in store for it. Nearly all of us agree in the main. The details that divide us are unimportant. Let us raise our eyes to the one big issue. Carmel as a place to live, a refuge from the dizzy careering of a machine-mad civilization. We are all for that. Business is unimportant here. Its function is merely to supply our needs, to keep our bodies fed and clothed, that we may pursue our lives in this blessed haven of Nature's providing. Let us not defile it with commercialism, nor admit money changers into the temple. Carmel's god is no golden calf, but the Great Outdoors.

Let us open our gates to worshippers. Our hills, groves, gardens, cliffs, and sea will welcome them. A joyous sun will smile upon them. But woe be to us if we betray our trust and admit Mammon into the city! It will be worth the effort of coming together and all the ensuing struggle, if we succeed in assuring Carmel an unspoiled playground in its place in the sun.

CARMEL'S SECRET

In most parts of the country an editorial about the weather this time of year would be out of place, and if attempted would have to be expressed in dashes. But here in Carmel, instead of taking the Deity's name in vain, we can use it with reverence and thankfulness to express our gratitude for a fall and winter of sun and flowers, and the salubrious fragrant airs of paradise. Good King Sol beams upon us day in and day out. The atmosphere is champagne, a vintage the bootlegger can ne'er aspire to.

Lightly clad we wander over hills, rocks and beach breathing intoxication and sunning ourselves, while the winter-locked hinterland wades through slush and snow, wraps in furs, shivers on doorsteps and clings to steam radiators. Watching the dashing waves from sand dunes we think of the millions not so fortunate. To them, living our outdoor life, soaking up sun and air, would mean being born again. Undreamed of health and happiness would be theirs. Could they know what it's like in Carmel now, those who could would abandon their unhealthy tasks. Colds, influenza, pneumonia rack unnumbered mortals, who would find Carmel's sun cure a better investment than all the doctors and hospitals in the world. For here they would find not only health, but happiness as well. Shall we whisper our secret to them!

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

CARMEL

By HARRY J. PRAEGER

There's a quaint little town, where green hills meet the water,
Why do I love it? That I can't say;
But I long for a sight of its woodland and sand-dunes,
Or to gaze once again on the blue sparkling bay;

There's a song in my heart when I think of returning,
Why should it be?—there's no kin of mine there;
Never a friend that will give me a welcome,
What is it draws me?—Why should I care;

Is it the pine trees my house is built under?
Is it the song of the tide as it flows?
There's peace in my heart when I'm over the hill top,
What brings it to me?—God only knows;

It's with me at night when I hear the trees whisper,
There's joy in the morn when the sun rises clear,
And all through the day, when the breakers are pounding,
The song in my heart is—I'm glad that I'm here;

Is it the mountains, or sheen on the ocean?
Is it the coast-line that holds such a spell?
I know not—but far away voices keep calling,
Calling me back to the charms of Carmel.

HUNTING SONG

By HENRY MEADE BLAND

When the sweet south wind comes singing
Through the shining oak-tree leaves,
And the white wild goose comes winging,
And the winds cry at the eaves.

When the mallard's wing at moon-rise
Whistles through the deepening blue,
And you hear the crane's low croon rise,
I'll be coming home to you.

When you light the autumn fire,
And the flames dance on the floor;
And the sparks climb high and higher
As white souls climb evermore.

If the runeing of the cricket
Makes you tingle through and through,
Then you'll know the swing of the wicket,
For I'm coming home to you.

SEA CALL

By E. LESLIE SPAULDING

(In Chicago Daily News)

Spring is riding the wind tonight;
There's an urge in the restless air.
I must be off in the early light,
And it makes no difference where.

Far away on the rim of things
There's a voice that I used to know,
Upon my shoulders the sprouting of wings,
And a violent longing to go.

Houses were meant for simple souls
Content with the same each day,
But I must have a house that rolls—
My way is the sea-gull's way.

Up with the anchor, down with the tide,
And out on the long, blue track.
Beauty's a dream that we all must ride,
What though we never come back!

General Comment

MORONS AND OTHERS

No editor can please all of the people all of the time. But if he knows his job he should please some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time. The very thing that annoys you, dear reader, another will read with joy. And conversely, of course, the articles, editorials, comments that strike your fancy will be branded by others as too highbrow, too solemn and sanctimonious.

Of necessity the press directed toward the masses must be utterly democratic, and, like its public, infinite in its variety. It is the attempt to cover so broad a field that forces such papers as the New York Times to print sixty closely set pages on a week day. Every kind of human from gunmen to the president of the republic will find himself reflected somewhere in those pages. The message may be but a few lines to one. To another whole columns apply.

Like the waiting room in a great metropolitan railway station, the pages of a newspaper must devote space to every man, woman and child. Nowhere does the depot provide a lounge as luxurious as My Lady Bountiful's drawing room, or one as unclean and slummy as Ikey's alley in the ghetto. But it manages somehow to cover every need of the human race. There's a special place for the sick, an invalid chair for the cripple, bath rooms, barber shops, beauty parlors, smoking rooms, ladies lounges, and great concourses where all sorts and conditions of men, women and children may walk together. The society queen who turns up her nose at a whiff from the men's smoking room (the station's sporting page) may still find life endurable in the special rooms for women.

And if the editor is competent you should find a column or two in your home town paper worth your persual. And if you find that, no doubt you will be charitable to material directed toward other readers not so gifted and fortunate as yourself, whose minds are now and always will be in an adolescent state. Remember, there is no Binet test for subscribers.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

On a pine covered hill at Pebble Beach half way between C. Chapel Judson's studio home and Jo Mora's studio Ferdinand Burgdorff lives and works at his art. His dwelling, designed by himself for "general utility" as he puts it, an individual piece of Spanish architecture, displays an abundance of wrought iron trimmings and hand hewn wood. The main room, used for living room and studio, lighted by a window that goes as high as the gable roof contains a dozen large pictures, some unfinished, and stacks of completed canvases, showing the man's ability to turn out volumes of work. In one corner stands an etching press and near by a portfolio of etchings, the result of foodless and sleepless hours of work.

The life of an etcher is trying. Ferdinand Burgdorff has just completed a drawing in the black wax on a copper plate. The artist saw his subject, a bedraggled old man, reading something on a white sheet of paper, sitting on a sidewalk in Monterey. The old man had two homely friendly dogs who were also interested in the letter. Mr. Burgdorff had an artistic urge to see it as an etching. He must make a drawing on paper, transfer the impression on copper painted with wax, cut away the design in the wax, apply acid which eats away the copper where the wax has been scratched and then after removing the wax, apply ink, rub away the ink from the smooth surface leaving it only in the crevices and try and pull a perfect etching on the press in the corner! All this before he realizes his ambition to see Christmas Letter in etching form! Experience is the school for an etcher. He must learn by making mistakes and there are so many that he can make.

The coast of Carmel with its rugged cypress trees figures in Burgdorff's etchings as does the Grand Canyon where he goes for inspiring material. His temperament is such that his etchings are in detail.

On entering the studio large colorful pictures hanging about, painted primarily for exhibition purpose, give one the impression of beautiful unreality but after talking with the artist one realizes that they are as he sees, nature. Western skies with all their grand space and brilliance, are done much in the manner of Maxfield Parish whom he so admires. Nature is his teacher, he is always an earnest student. His work repays him for his labor and sincerity. He has just finished a desert scene, little more than sketch size in which one can see endless miles of space ending in blue skies and can feel the warmth of desert evening atmosphere and the silence of the desert. A great deal to put on one small canvas.

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Barbette Hamell, a name that has seen the front pages of the California newspapers often in the past several years, faces charges preferred by the State Labor Commissioner that she owes $200 back wages to two girls who were once employed by her in a modiste shop in San Francisco.

It would be humorous if Barbette saw the inside of a cell on so minor a charge. Since she began in Carmel a career that has matched the world's most famous adventurers, she has been charged with many swindling operations, none of which has been proven against her in the courts. Recently the San Francisco papers were alleging that her operations had netted more than $125,000, and that was merely the latest of her escapades. It was not two years ago when, as Barbette, modiste of San Francisco, she gathered in money, jewels and fine cars to the extent of more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Dorothy Rothe came to Carmel with her mother first in 1912. The girl was fifteen or sixteen years old, an ash blonde, pretty and graceful. The two had a cottage here, and the rent was never paid. Their bill at the grocery store still stands on its books. Louis S. Slevin, then postmaster of the town, was out quite a sum on a C. O. D. package, sent the Rothes with privilege of examination from some city store.

This package, the women refused to accept after examining the contents, and Slevin returned it to the sender, to learn from them that its contents had been removed, and worthless rags substituted. Probably these minor operations in Carmel gave Dorothy—afterwards Barbette—the idea for her future career.

It was a number of years later that Mrs. Rothe and Dorothy returned to Carmel, and their disastrous visit had been forgotten by the merchants. The women secured employment in a tea house, where Mrs. Rothe was the hostess and Dorothy waited on table. But this was too slow a way to make money for Dorothy. She was full of ideas, and felt the urge to restore Carmel's Mission. That would need several thousands of dollars, and there would be opportunities for the one who raised the money, perhaps.

Father Mestres was interested, and Dorothy—then using a Spanish name, under which she had danced professionally — prevailed upon him and the archbishop to give her authority to solicit funds for repairing and roofing with tiles the old Mission. Armed with these credentials she hired a taxi-cab in San Francisco, and traveled the length of the state gathering money from liberal minded people, interested in the saving of historical landmarks. Just how much she collected is not known, but it ran well up in the thousands, and none of it was ever turned over to the Church. She was apprehended in Los Angeles, but there was no prosecution. Dorothy talked and wept herself out of this muss, as she has done many a time since.

If she came again to Carmel, it was very quietly, and she did not capitalize her visit. Nor did those who had known her here associate the name of Barbette with her, when the story of Barbette's operations in the San Francisco bay district were spread in the columns of the papers a couple of years ago. There was a wonderful little sedan car, several thousands of dollars worth of metal and plush—unpaid for, of course—which figured in the affair. The police of a number of cities were hunting for that car.

It turned up in Winston's Garage in Monterey. It had been driven in late one night, when everyone was asleep, and abandoned there. Had Barbette left it? Had Dorothy returned, after years, to the little village where she had learned that there were easier ways of making money than by hard work, and was she hiding away in some of its little cottages? That no one knows.

But she was in San Francisco again when her latest blaze into publicity came. A series of financial operations, most of them variations of the original gold-brick game, brought her up against the law. She was arrested, and arrested again in Los Angeles, but evidently talked and went herself out of the coils. Now she faces a charge of failing to pay wages due. Out of the half-million dollars or more that the public has donated to her gift of glib talk, and convincing ways, she may go to jail for failure to pay two hundred dollars to her work women.

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Hidden away in Carmel are interesting lives the world will never know about. To many, weary of fame and the vanities of this earth, the village serves as a sort of monastery-convent of retirement. Within its invisible walls are craftsmen, artists, writers of more note than are present in such consciously arty centers as Provincetown, or in such self-aware communities as East Aurora. Those who fail to escape publicity elsewhere succeed in hiding away in Carmel.

To attempt to discover them in their places of concealment and tell fellow villagers about them in the Pine Cone, requires more temerity than men of the press need in their most difficult assignments. The Carmel celebrity seeking seclusion is no novice in the art of lodging publicity. He or she is a veteran, hard-boiled, capable of outstaring the glassiest of reportorial eyes.

It is only when we become a neighbor and intimate, that we may catch the chosen ones off their guard, and learn of their inner lives. This is because they trust us, think we're gentlemen and possess a sense of honor. How mistaken they are, poor dears! If we are to give our readers a glimpse into Carmel's inner circle, we must violate confidence, lie till we're blue in the face, pretend here, be false there, and betray every trust. Of course at this rate, we can't remain for long in one neighborhood. It is necessary to seek a new environment frequently. 'Tis a high price to pay for the privilege of telling Carmel about itself, but worth it.

In fancy we travel over the world with this, that, or the other picturesque personality, gazing into their trustful eyes, knowing full well that on press day we betray them. After publishing our good kind neighbors' names in spite of strict orders not to, how can we ever face them again over the garden wall! Besides, it might be dangerous.

"If you put my name in the paper I'll get a gun and shoot you!" is the gentle reminder of the maiden lady across the way.

Almost everyone in Carmel has lived and wrought on the grand scale. Our hunters hunt lion, bear, cougars and bag them, too. Our artists are better known in New York than here, the product of our writers is hawked on every newsstand. Our sculptors build memorials for states and nations. Our craftsmen are international, too big to be arty. That is why Carmel remains a sane village. A wholesome town unselfconscious. A place a chance traveler may visit without suspecting any but just ordinary people are here.

No, we mustn't mention the name of the man who inspires the Press in the Forest. "Write all you want to about book-making, but leave me out of it," we are abjured. But our readers are not interested in treatises. The Pine Cone is a newspaper, not a dry as bones quarterly. We must tell about people. Tack on what else we like of science, travel, art—so long as it's human, it's readable.

Very well, across the road from us lives an architect and ceramic craftsman, a traveler and artist. "You mustn't mention my name! Write about pottery!" she calls to me, as I pass through the garden gate.

Pottery indeed! Who'd read about it, I'd like to know. In her lovely house of Spanish Panama type, Miss Anne Grant lives with her sister, and among other things makes art pottery. A new electric kiln is being installed in the basement, with a peek hole through which the artist watches with the patience of an astronomer, studying the effects of heat on clay and glazes and colors. Beautiful pieces in the Persian style, some of them already a lost art, for the potter does not know what peculiarity of heat or color is responsible. It makes a difference what kind of clay is used. Terra Cotta does one thing, ordinary clay another. For years she has been perfecting a deep strawberry for tiny jugs, and has not mastered it. Year after year Miss Grant labors in her studio, refusing offers from schools and potteries, to pursue her creative bent—until she reads this in the Pine Cone. Then she'll go on the war path, hunting me with some dangerous weapon, so goodbye, dear reader, goodbye.

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The art of story writing can be taught, contrary to the insistence of many authorities to the contrary, according to Professsor Frederic Blanchard, professor of English at the University of California. He is now completing a new book on the "Technique of the Short Story," which will be based on experience and on his many courses on the subject given in summer and regular sessions of various universities.

"The most tangible thing about story writing is structure,?" declared Professor Blanchard, "and this can be taught just as architecture can be taught. Style, of course, cannot be taught and should not be attempted in a course of instruction, for style is the individual himself, reflected in his writing. The important thing is how to arrange one's material most effectively and artistically, and this can be acquired in the classroom and from texts."

Professsor Blanchard has been engaged to conduct two courses at the summer session of Columbia University next summer. One of these will deal with the novel, and another with the Romantic Poets. He gave two courses there in 1926, on the Romantic Poets, and on Shakespeare.

While in the East Professor Blandchard will pursue research on the beginning of the English novel, making use of the Fielding collection which is at Yale University. The object of his study will be the publication of a companion volume to his "Fielding, the Novelist," which was heartily received by critics in America and abroad, and a second impression of which has just been issued by the publishers.

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In January Sunset, Wilbur Hall has this to say of Jimmy Swinnerton and his desert excursions: "There are some people who like to go in a quiet, unobtrusive, undemonstrative manner, about their business when they are out on a trip through the wonderlands of America: people who wear indifferently cut khaki pants, eat out of a tin box strapped on the running board, carry their blankets behind with the cracker crumbs and damp towels of the morning and never sign guest books.

Jimmy Swinnerton isn't built along those lines. Jimmy's idea of the way to travel across the country, looking at the sights and bartering with the natives for redwood pin-cushions, souvenir spoons or Navajo rugs is with about twenty automobiles, a chuck wagon, a freight truck, a tow car and a Red Cross ambulance equipped with siren and gong; the whole cavalcade to be preceded by a platoon of motorcycle officers and the grand marshal and to be followed by a steam calliope.

"An elephant or two and a girl in fluffy skirts riding a zebra would heighten Jimmy's bliss, perhaps, and I don't believe he would object to a tank-wagon containing a hippopotamus. It isn't that Jimmy cares for ostentation or display—not at all. He likes people and noise and excitement and he likes, also, to give the natives a treat. He is the most unselfish and generous and noble white man now wearing sole leather in America, but he certainly is a showman!"

• • • •

In the Babcock Galleries on Fifty-seventh street, New York, is a one-man exhibition of paintings by George G. Stengel, and the catalogued titles read like a Carmel real estate advertisement. Here are some of the names: "Along the Coast at Carmel," "Afternoon Carmel Valley," "Down the Coast, Highlands, Cal.," "Morning Light, Carmel," "After the Storm, Carmel Valley," "Beach Near Carmel," "Edge of Cove Point, Lobos," "Surf at Highlands," Beach at Carmel," "Restless Pacific, Carmel."

Judging from the half-tone on the catalogue cover, "Surf at Highlands," the paintings are going to attract a whole lot of attention in New York, and will give their viewers a desire to see what the artist found and caught with his brushes. The value of such an exhibit in the nation's metropolis is a thing to consider carefully. It is advertising of a grade and character that money could not buy. It will bring people to Carmel undoubtedly.

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For Carmel Judge Fraser suggests an Anti-Boost Club, to be everything a service club isn't. Its efforts would be directed against billboards and any undue exploitation of the village.

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Carmel's residence lanes are a luxury. If they are not appreciated as an achievement in road building, at least they command respect as landscaping. It costs money to maintain picturesque crevasses unprotected grottos, concealed springs and conspicuous boulders right in the middle of the street. It would be far cheaper to pave the road and be done with it. But just think how ugly that would look! As our village roads become more and more primeval with every rain, even abandoned gullys offer smoother going. Thus a rusticity has been achieved exceeding that of the wilderness, and Nature has been outdone in Carmel by the hand of man.

• • • •

D. L. Staniford reports a more profitable Christmas trade than last year. "It was due to our not stocking up too heavily on slow moving goods, rather than to any increase in buying," said the druggist. But no matter what the cause, the fact is significant, considering it was achieved in the face of competition which did not exist a year ago. Buying has changed. "Customers used to purchase a bottle of toilet water or bath salts they had no use for," went on Mr. Staniford, "and give them to some one who didn't want them. These articles were passed on and on as birthday and Christmas presents, until they became so soiled someone would take pity on his friends by tossing them into the dump. But now-a-days people select more carefully, give useful presents, and everyone including the druggist, is better satisfied."

• • • •

Speaking of useful presents, Mrs. Will Machado presented her husband with a new baby daughter on Christmas. "It was just what I wanted, and a complete surprise," exclaimed the happy man.

THE MATOOR MIND

By Peggy Palmer

Well, I was frightfully annoyed this morning because papa called me to go to the telefone about ten o'clock and I should think anybody would have better sense than to go phoning a young girl at this unerthly hour on the day after New Yeer's Eve! So I was just about to give them the very Dickins when I discovered it was Margaret Reynolds and she told me somthing so intreeging that I forgot all about being annoyed!

Anyway, Margaret sed there was a whole bunch of movie stars camping out on Point Lobos, and she sed she and Hester Showniger and a lot of other people were all going to qwit school and get a job as an extra! Because it seems they are going to take a picture by the name of Evangaline, starring Miss Dolores Del Rio, the Melinkoly Mexikan!

Well I was awfully thrilled at this point, because people are always saying how I look a lot like Miss Del Rio, on account of my bewtiful teeth, so I thought I ought to go right out to Point Lobos and tell her about this uncanny resemblance or somthing!

When I got out to Point Lobos I saw practickly half of Hollywood standing around, and there were a couple of pasteboard houses which were supposed to be the village of Grand Pray. And just then I notised this perfeckly gorgeaus looking brunette sitting under a cypress tree singing Ramona in Mexikan so I went over and sed, Well, well, Miss Del Rio, it sertainly has been a long time sinse I saw you!

Then Miss Del Rio stopped singing and she sed she could not seem to remember my face so I sed Well I saw you in the Loves of Carmen at the Manzanita theater sevral months ago! I was sitting in the third row on the end! But lissen here, all joking aside, Dolores, I have a wonderful suprise for you! I gess you'll be so suprised you acktuly won't believe it! Then I went on to tell her how I am a star reporter on the Pine Cone and I gess she ought to be qwite honored to be interviewed by the largest newspaper in Carmel! Because Mister Newberry is not in the habit of paying fifteen cents an inch for writeups about meer movie stars!

Well Miss Del Rio was awfully sweet about the interview and she started telling me how she was born in an old mansion in Mexicocoa and then she went to school at a convent and the deer nuns simply had cat fits when she desided to go in the movies! And at this point Miss Del Rio happined to notice it was twelve o'clock so she sed she would have to get on the set and start acting!

Then all the camera-men began grinding and a gentleman by the name of Mister Fox started screeming thru a large megafone and all the actors pretended to be acting. First this awfully good looking young man by the name of Mister Roland Drool got out on the Set and Mister Fox sed, Lissen, Roland, you are supposed to be a French guy by the name of Gabriel, see? Now look tragick! So Mister Drool started making faces at the camera and then Mister Fox sed O. K. Roland, now stop looking tragick and register emotion! Now pretend you are looking for Evangaline. Thats the dame your supposed to be in love with, see, and she got lost or somthing!

After that Mister Drool began hunting for Evangaline behind a stump and under a rock but he couldn't find her anywhere, and at this point Mister Fox started tearing his hair and he sed Say, what in the devil comes next? Where in blazes is that continuity man?

Then I stepped up and I sed, Lissen, Mr. Fox, praps I could be of some assistance, because I happin to know qwite a lot about the subjeck of Evangeline on account of learning it all by heart when I was in grammar school! You see, Evangaline and Gabriel waste their whole life trying to find each other in vain and finally when they are old and feeble they meet in the poor house or somthing! Awfully jolly plot, don't you think so, Mister Fox?

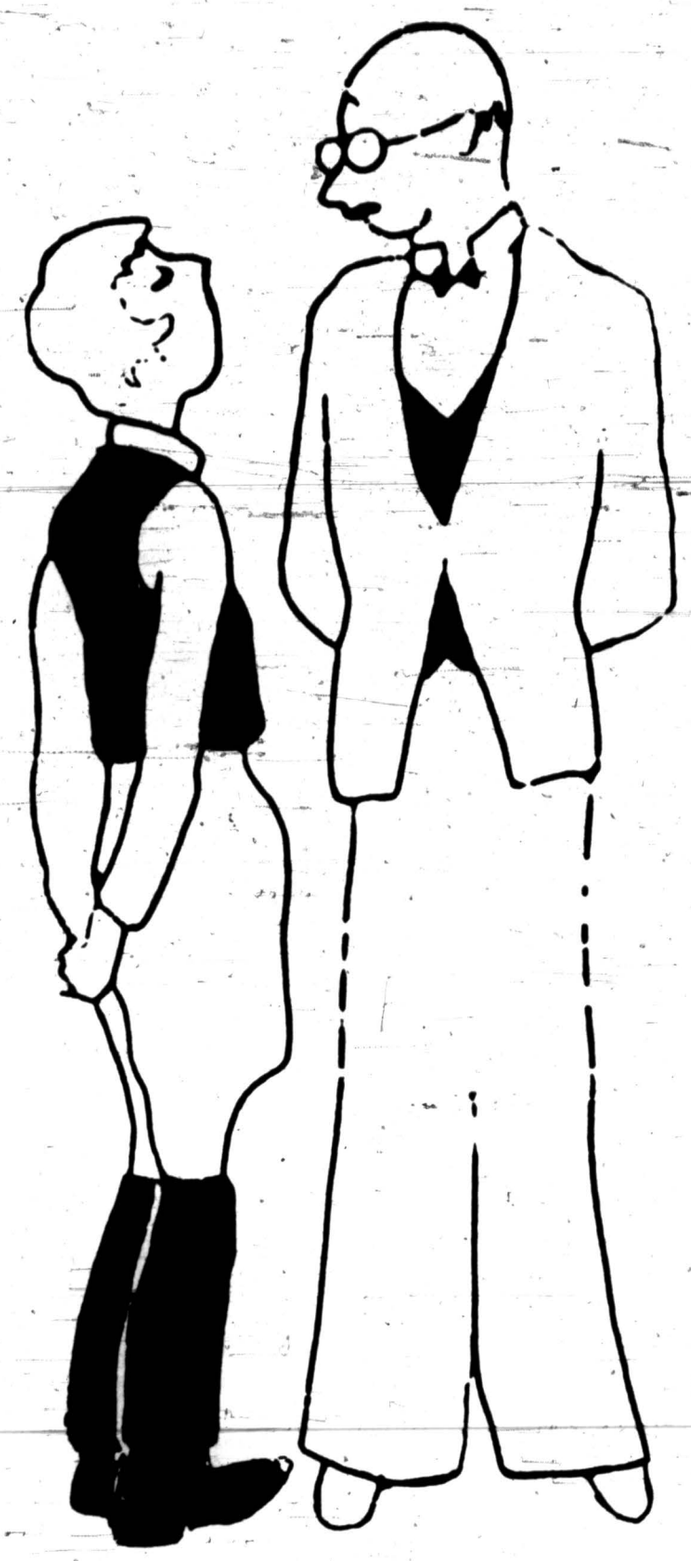
Hell's Bells, sed Mister Fox, glaring.

But I reely think before you get any farther, I sed, I ought to tell you that you're doing the whole thing absolutely wrong, Mister Fox! Because I'm sure if Mister Longfellow was directing this pitcher he would not approve of the way you are doing it at all!

Reely, sed Mister Fox, I must beg to be excused from this delightful chat! We have to go to lunch now!

Well nobody invited me to have any lunch, so I went down on the beach and opened a clam, and when I got back Miss Del Reo was walking up and down ringing her hands and feeling very sad because she had lost Gabriel. Well I thought that was awfully silly for Miss Del Reo to be carrying on that way, when anybody could see that Gabriel wasn't lost at all, because he was sitting over on a barrel looking at himself in a large mirror!

And I was just going over to tell Miss Del Reo where Gabriel was when I tripped over a board and the entire village of Grand Pray fell down on top of me. And I would reely rather not discuss about what happined next, exsept that it looks like papa will have to pay Mister Fox qwite a large sum of money, and I have desided I will not be a movie star after all!



It looks like papa will have to pay Mister Fox qwite a large sum of money.

THE MILL CREEK AFFAIR

By PERRY NEWBERRY

CHAPTER ONE

The sudden glare of lights was almost blinding. For a minute or so, Roberts held his program as a shield before his eyes, then as they focused to the brilliance, turned to the audience.

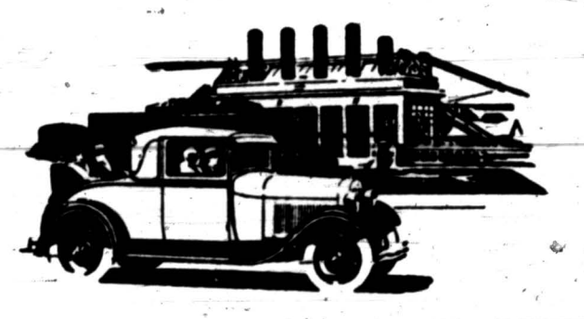
The auditorium in the pines was well filled, the people on the benches sitting now relaxed, or screening their eyes as had Roberts from the too fierce glare of the three curtaining stage lamps. A string orchestra hidden somewhere played through the interlude. People moved about to speak with acquaintances, or came from outside the ring of light to find their seats; late ones who had missed the first act, perhaps because of lingering over dinner.

It was then that Roberts saw Pentworth. He came into the auditorium from below, and Roberts recognized him in solhouette as he passed the curtain lamps. A portly figure in golf togs and cap, quite as Roberts saw him on a Saturday at the links in San Francisco. Roberts might have gone to him then, but his seat was the middle of a row, and everyone must have had to move to let him by. Besides, their meeting could wait the end of the play.

Pentworth spoke to several people, stopped to talk with one group at the aisle's edge. If he came much farther back, Roberts would call to him, tell him that he was in Carmel, and was here at Pentworth's command.

For the summons had been a command, or as nearly that as a friendship's demands can be orders. "Come to me when you get this—at once. I need you." The telegram had reached his office while he was in court this morning, and had not been delivered until the noon recess. Roberts had

The utilities of a city are combined in your motor car



YOUR automobile is something like a miniature city. There is an electric light and power system, a water system, a fuel system.

In the new Ford, you will find each of these systems of the latest design and best materials. Every part has been made to serve you faithfully and well at a minimum of trouble and expense.

Take, for example, the generator—one of the most important parts of the electrical system which supplies the current for lighting and for engine ignition.

In the new Ford, the generator is of the power-house type and is distinctive in many features. It has been specially designed to prevent most forms of trouble. Oiling is necessary only once a year. About the only thing you need do is to have the charging rate changed as the seasons change.

Closely allied to the electrical system is the ignition system. It, too, is of new mechanical design in the new Ford. There is but one high tension cable and that connects the coil with the distributor. Even cables from the distributor to the spark plugs have been eliminated. Special care has also been taken to make the distributor water-proof, thus preventing short circuits from rain, etc.

The entire electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are so simple in design and so carefully made that they will give you surprisingly little trouble. Yet that doesn't mean they should be neglected. Certain little attentions are needed from time to time.

The storage battery should be given water and the connections kept clean. The generator charging rate should be changed as indicated. Spark plugs should be cleaned at regular intervals. Distributor points should also be kept clean and the distributor cam given a light film of vaseline every 2000 miles.

These are just little things, but they mean a great deal to your car. You can have them looked after at very small cost by the Ford dealer when you take the car in for oiling and greasing.

A thorough checking-up at regular intervals will lengthen the life of your car and give you many thousands of miles of carefree, economical motoring.

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The Carmelita Shop

Carmel

wired that he was leaving by the Del Monte Express, and asked Pentworth to meet him at the Monterey station. He had not been met, nor had his telephone calls located his friend. At Pine Inn, they had told him that Pentworth would surely be at the Forest Theater performance that night, and his best chance of locating him would be to attend the play.

They had been right, for there was Pentworth, quite serene and seemingly happy, laughing with friends a few paces down the aisle. It would be senseless for him to obey the command, "at once," and discommode the people beside him, some snugged up in blankets, all very placid in their tightly packed seats, yet Roberts started to rise. Then the audience lights went out, the stage brightened and the play's action was resumed.

"If I Were King" was being presented. Roberts had been told at the Inn, where he had dined, that the cast was of amateurs, but there must have been something magic in the wide, tree-filled, forest circled stage, for the glamour of reality was in the performance for him, and he became absorbed in its action. Almost, he forgot that a man, somewhere in its audience, had sent post-haste for him.

At the end of the second act, Roberts failed to find Pentworth, though he searched for him from his seat, then moving down through the aisles, scanned the faces in each row he passed. He finally spoke to one of the men he had seen Pentworth laughing with, and learned that his friend had gone backstage.

"Likely in Dan's dressing-room," said the man. "Dan's on again in the last act, you know."

"His nephew?" Roberts questioned. He had known, of course, that Pentworth had a nephew living in Carmel, but it had slipped his mind. Pentworth rarely mentioned him.

"Dan Pentworth's playing the King—and he's damn good! The boy's a real actor. They should have given him the lead, and we'd have had a play."

Getting back to his seat, Roberts had to stumble through blackness part of the way, as the lights went off in the audience. He found a vacant place on the aisle, and waited, now a little impatiently, the final curtain. Dan Pentworth was good as the King, a part far from being an appealing one. He had more the ease of the professional than most of the people on the stage.

Then came the end and applause. There were curtain calls, and the audience shouted for this one and that, as they rolled up their rugs and blankets. Young Pentworth seemed a favorite, and bowed and smiled to the tribute given him. Roberts, making his way down the center aisle as the lights were bobbing on and off, glanced around for his friend the elder Pentworth, then stood beside the light while the audience filed out. Getting no glimpse of Pentworth, he went behind the platform stage, and inquired of a French troubadour for Dan's dressing room.

It was one of several under the platform, and his knock at the board door was answered by a "Come in—and make it snappy!" Three men, getting into ordinary clothes after a brief acquaintance with the garb of romance, were in various conditions of undress. It was necessary for Roberts to ask the question,

"Is one of you Dan Pentworth?"

"That's myself when I'm clothed and in my right mind. At your service." Roberts saw a smiling face on which make-up still held first place, though beard and wig had gone.

"I'm looking for your uncle. My name's Roberts."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Roberts," and he gave the hand a firm clasp. "Didn't Uncle pick you up at Monterey? He said that he was going to."

"I didn't see him there, but he was here tonight."

"Sure he was here. Came back after the first act, and helped me with the robes of state. Wait till I get respectable, and we'll locate him."

"Outside, where I won't be crowding the actors." Roberts opened and closed the door hastily, letting himself out. There wasn't much conventionality among these boys and girls, who were flitting around in all sorts and parts of costumes, but doors were closed for complete changes. A half hundred of the young things in the rooms and shacks or around a bonfire where a big kettle gave a delicious coffee odor. As many more, from the audience Roberts judged by their costumes, gathering their own and herding them into cars.

"Now we'll dig out the uncle." Dan, a suit case in one hand, thrust the other through Roberts' elbow, and headed him into the darkness where auto lamps cast traversing beams.

"He is probably hunting for me," Roberts suggested, as they got into a roadster parked on the hill slope. "If he goes to the Inn, they'll tell him that I'm here. I left word at the desk."

"We'll go there first." The engine hummed, and they backed into the driveway. As Dan swung the car's nose toward the gate, a shrill cry came from behind them.

"Dan—O, Dan! Where are you going without me?"

"Whoa!" shouted Dan. Then, as he braked, "That you, Margie?"

A girl came running out of the darkness. As she stopped at the car's side, she said, rather breathlessly,

"Oh! I didn't know that you had a passenger, Dan."

"Friend of Uncle Bart's," the young man explained. "I've got to find uncle for him. Want to come along, Marge?"

Roberts felt something tense in the situation. He could see only indistinct outlines of the figure beside them, but a hand that clasped one of the stanchions was tightly gripped, its knuckles white in the glow of the pilot. He moved to step out of the car, but Dan nudged to stop him. The girl—the voice was young—said,

"I'd better not. No, Dan, I'd better not. But I'll see you—later?" It was a question. Something pleading in its tone, Roberts thought.

"Sure, Marge. As soon as I dig up Uncle, I'll get over to Tom's. You're going there?"

"Yes—I was going there."

"Tom will take you in his car. We have to hurry. Goodbye."

The small fist—all that Roberts had seen of the young woman—came away from the iron, and the car shot ahead. As they swung into the road, making for the lights of the down town section of the village, Dan said,

"One of the girls in Villon's mob in the play; Marge Dustin."

Barton Pentworth wasn't at Pine Inn, nor had he been there. A search of cafes and tea houses, where theatre patrons were at the tables, was equally unsuccessful. Several had seen Pentworth at the play, none had seen him since. Dan was sure that his uncle had not tried the long trip to his vacation camp on Mill Creek, and they made visits to a number of houses where he possibly might have gone after the show, to find most of them black. It was nearly two o'clock when Roberts suggested, vaguely, that the man they were hunting might be at Tom's party.

"At Tom's?" Dan gave him a sharp glance. "Why would Uncle Bart go to Tom's?"

"We've tried every other place in Carmel. Besides, you promised to be at Tom's. Why not?"

"Well—and why not?" Dan spoke after only a moment's hesitation. Then he grinned, "Got your roll on you?"

"Yes. How do they go after it at Tom's?—blackjack or gun?"

"Poker. A lively, well mannered game, prettily played. And Uncle Bart will not be sitting in."

"As he is probably asleep in his bed, and hasn't worried about me at all, I'm for the party."

"Good. You're going to have a night of real life in little old Carmel, Roberts. Come along!"

(To be continued)

DON'T ASK WHY CARMEL IS GROWING

"Why is Carmel growing so rapidly?" asked Mrs. Expressman Taylor as I breezed into the office, note book in hand.

"But that's what I came to ask you?" I protested.

"Please tell me!" she insisted, balancing a pen over a partially filled in company report. "Every month we increase the number of packages handled by fifty or more, we must explain to the head office why the town is growing so fast. Well, we've increased abounta hundred each month for the past year, and Mr. Taylor and I have given every reason under the sun for it, and here last month we had another big increase. And now I suppose I've got to look forward to another whole year of finding reasons for Carmel's phenomenal development to send the American Expresss Company. If the town would only stop growing long enough to give us time to think up something new! But it won't!"

"Too bad—the village should be more considerate," I sympathized. "But tell me some of the reasons you gave the express company—"

"At first it was seasy. For we had just put in the free delivery service, and we laid it to that as long as we could. Mr. Taylor and I practiced saying it in different ways to make it look like a new reason. But after six months the company got wise and wrote us a sarcastic note. Said they'd been told we had a free delivery service, and to give 'em something new—"

"And did you increase last month over Christmas a year ago?" I asked, to get back to the purpose of my call.

"Did we!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor. "Say, just our own commissions figured on the business done were a hundred dollars more than last December."

"Then to what do you attribute the increase?"

Mrs. Taylor turned pale. "If I have to answer that question again I'll faint," gasped the distracted young women.

"Then tell me what kind of people come in here?" I asked. "I've got to have something for the Pine Cone."

She gave me an interested glance. "Present company excepted," I said, catching her drift.

"Well," began Mrs. Taylor, "they bring their things in for us to pack up and tie. When the bundle's made up, addressed and labeled as often as not they'll say, 'Thank you, I'm sending this by parcel post,' and out they trot, after I've kept a lot of people waiting to serve them. Some of them don't even say thanks. 'Why not let the postoffice wrap the parcel post packages for you?' I asked one deaf old lady.

"'I did,' said the old dear, 'and they said they were so sorry! They really felt awfully bad to think they couldn't stop and tie things up for peole. But that around Christmas they had quite a few letters and packages to take care of—and if I'd come back in ten years, they'd see what they could do for me. They really were awfully polit—'"

"Then what did you do?"

"I got some gummed tape, and now every bundle I do up for anyone is sealed. And if they still insist on sending the things I do up for them by parcel post, they can pay letter postage—"

Mr. Taylor who had been listening attentively, now came into the conversation.

"Until Carmel houses are numbered," remarked the expressman, "every householder should carry a pocket compass. They try to tell me where they live but they don't know themselves. They try to describe the location with reference to the statue of Father Serra or the public bath house or the Point, but nearly always they get the direction wrong. Now if they had a compass they could say, for instance, 'Taking Father Serra's nose as a starting point, go north-northeast, or south-by-west, as the case may be, and you'll come to my place.' As it is now the inside of my head is a walking city directory. A hotel clerk has only names and faces to remember. But I must keep in my mind, besides the houses of all our citizens, such things as garden walls, holes in the streets, hedges of every description, and numerous other landmarks. I must know what a fellow means when he tries to tell me where he lives."

"To what do you attribute the rapid growth of Carmel?" I started to ask.

Expressman Taylor jumped up from his chair with a wrathful expression on his face. Mrs. Taylor grabbed something off the counter. I did not wait to see what it was. As I ducked out the doorway something whizzed by my head. It was an express package. I decided to pursue my investigation of Carmel's development elsewhere.

NEW YEAR'S DAY PARTY IN CARMEL

Following the old hospitable custom, Miss Katherine Cooke held open house at her beautiful Hatton Fields home yesterday afternoon, in celebration of the New Year. Many of her friends dropped in to greet her, including Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Hanke, Mr and Mrs. Charles King Van Riper, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford and many others.

COUPLE WED IN CARMEL

Following the morning service on Sunday, at the Community church the Rev. Ivan Terwilliger united in marriage Miss V. Edquist and Floyd E. Harker, both popular residents of Carmel. Following the ceremony, the couple left for Los Angeles for a brief stay. They will make their home in Carmel.

NEW YEAR'S PARTY IN CARMEL HOME

Miss Tilly Polak entertained a number of friends informally on New Year's eve at her home on San Antonio street, Carmel. A buffet supper was served, and the evening was spent with music and conversation. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Lieutenant and Mrs. Stanton Babcock, Mrs. Jane Swain, Miss Sonia Noskowiak, Alex. Mulgardt, and George Ball.

MUSICIANS ARE GUESTS AT HOME ON THE POINT

Guests at the George Reamer home on Reamer Point over the holidays were Mr. and Mrs. Noah Steinberg of San Francisco. Mr. Steinberg is a well known teacher of piano in that city. He has recently completed a series of recitals ending in a piano-ensemble concert given in Fresno under the direction of the Fresno Music Teachers Association. At this concert Mr. Steinberg directed twenty-four of the leading pianists of the San Joaquin Valley, who played on twelve pianos.

Mrs. Steinberg is also a musician. She has classed in vocal and instrumental, and has taught for many years in Europe. The Steinbergs were charmed with Carmel, and hope to spend their vacation here this summer.

SEA VIEW INN GUESTS

Guests over the holidays at Sea View Inn were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Christianson, Colonel and Mrs. R. A. Brown, Miss Maude Lissak and Miss Madeline Lissak from San Francisco, Mrs. H. M. Tenney and Miss Elizabeth Parker of Piedmont, Miss Mary Stones of Blackburn Lane, England, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dean and Mrs. Carla A. Duncan from Berkeley, the Misses Ethel R. and Bertha W. Brown from Oakland, Miss C. D. Wright of Stockton, and Mrs. Sara M. Christensen of Long Beach.

About People

Miss Betty Hyde has resumed her studies at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hyde, in Carmel.

Miss Virginia Davis had as guest over the New Year's, Miss Florence Manning of Berkeley.

Miss Esther Brown of the Seven Arts Book Shop has taken an indefinite leave of absence for a much needed rest.

Miss Nathalie Smith of Greenwich Village, New York, has purchased the Seven Arts Book Shop. She plans to make Carmel her permanent home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Meunch have returned from a two weeks' motor trip to San Pedro, where they went to spend the holidays with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. McGrury and daughter Ellen Pearl, Mr. and Mrs. A. McGarraugh and Miss Stella Guichard motored to Ben Lomond last week-end and spent Christmas with their family.

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STRAY SHEETS of MANUSCRIPT— From Helen Faulkner

STITCH

We are the proud possessor of one.

It happened this way. On our rosy cheek appeared some five years ago a microscopic excrescence resembling the familiar variety which has its day—after epicurian indulgence—and is gone. But this one was made of sterner stuff. It remained.

At the end of a year it was less microscopic. At the end of four it was attracting the attention of kindly friends who one and all offered to purge the schoolgirl complexion of its unsightly knob. At the end of five years our patience broke.

Hieing ourselves to the office of Dr. Kocher we requested removal of the bete noire—only it was blanche. But it seemed one must hie further to the Hospital to have an operation, even though very minor in quality. So on a morning to the Hospital we hied, and were plunged at once into all the grim paraphernalia of surgical spotlessness, flat on an operating table with white towels on our chest and face, and a noiseless white-swathed person clinking shiny instruments over a hissing of steam.

Well, we thought, guess I'll not be in any condition to drop into the Cinderella to see those dresses-of-Russian-inspiration they advertised; this looks like business.

Through the air slit in our face towel we could see a pair of slinky rubber gloves. Someone pricked our cheek with a pin, lightly. Then a soft wad of cotton went padding about over the prick, and our cheek was gently pushed and patted about for a minute, while under the sheet our hands gripped each other frantically waiting for the operation to begin.

"Now," remarked the voice above the rubber gloves, and we quaked to hear it, "be there a moment longer and you can go. Leave it alone and drop into the ofifce next week so I can take out the stitch. Goodbye."

And that was all.

Absolutely all.

And it's quite exciting to keep our hair trained protectingly over the two little ends of black thread that stick jauntily out of our cheek — although when the hair gets loose the effect of our new Cinderella dress-of-Russian-inspiration is somewhat spoiled by STITCH.

INFAMOUS RECIPES NO. 3

Crimson Bulges: Buy a house frequented by yellowjackets. Remain calm for a fortnight until the friendly little creatures get tame and begin to build their hive on the under edge of your porch light.

Now take a broom, and leaving the front door open so that as many as wish may enter the house, playfully attack their stronghold and bat it to the ground. It is easy enough. Stand still then until the frightened darlings come to light on your person. Be very quiet; one jerk and they will desert you for another. They are extremely sensitive. If you are motionless, the yellowjackets will then begin to sting through the outer integuments of your garments. You will know when the moment has arrived by sharply localized sensations. Stand still some more. After about five minutes you may be said to be done and ready to be exhibited along Ocean avenue.

Note: do not be discouraged if at first the Bulges are neither as crimson nor as bulgy as you had hoped. Time will remedy that.

Weight and How to Reduce It: The rules for this procedure are very simple.

1. Do not eat. Never. Not at all.
2. Climb from the bath house to Paradise six times daily wearing three Jaeger sweaters.
3. Tune in on all Bobbsie's setting-up drills and follow directions.
5. Worry.
6. Crab.
7. Drink hot unsweetened lemon juice every half hour.
8. Bathe in salts twice daily.
9. Repeat 2.
10. Do not eat. Never. Not at all.

If these rules are faithfully followed there is no reason why the result should not be highly gratifying—at least to the world of materia medica.

Note: Plan to leave your estate to the Council so they can afford a heater that heats.

NEW BOOKS AT LIBRARY

The following books have been placed on the shelves of the Harrison Memorial Library. They are adult non-fiction and are books which have been chosen to fill calls: Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child by Thom, Story of Oriental Philosophy by Beck, Christ at the Round Table by Jones, Answering Voice by Teasdale, New Voices by Wilkinson, Upward Pass by Bellamann, John Brown's Body by Benet, Hamlet of A. MacLeish by A. MacLeish, Buck in the Snow by Millay, Long Leash by North, Lost City by Strobel, Turquoise Trail by Henderson, Thought Broker by Crothers, Unintentional Charm of Men by Warner, Four One Act Plays by Ervine, Adventure by Forbes, Wayfarer in French Vinevards by Robson, Russian Land by Williams, Cruise of the Northern Light by Borden, Masks in a Pageant by White, Heart of Burroughs' Journal by Burroughs, Levin by Marcu, Within the Walls of Nanking by Hobart, Abraham Lincoln by Beneridge, Log of a Forty-niner by Hale and Sportsman's Scrapbook by Phillips.

ABALONE LEADERS GET INTO PRACTICE

The newly appointed Captains for the 1929 baseball series of the Abalone League players gathered their teams together on the diamond in Carmel Woods one day last week, and challenged the passing of the Old Year with a bat-splitting practice. The practice game, witnessed by several carloads of enthusiasts, marked the first meeting of the League for the coming season.

This is one time when we envy the residents of spyglass Hill. From their vantage points of balconies some hundred feet above the diamond they can lounge in cushioned wicker arm-chairs with tea and cake on tap and view the game with all the comforts of home. As far as we know they've only one thing to beware of on their aerial seats and that's a fly ball from one of the League's huskiest batters. Judging from the enthusism and zest of last week's practice the score board is due for a line-up of home-runners for the 1929 series.

ART NOTES

Miss J. M. Culbertson has sent a picture to Laguna Beach for the first exhibition in the new art gallery there. The picture is an oil, Chrysanthemums, which was shown here. It comes up to a high standard of loveliness. The new gallery of the Laguna Beach art association is proof of the success of the association after ten years of existence.

With a jury including Homer F. Emens as chairman, William Silva, Charlton E. Fortune, Percy Gray and J. H. Hopkins, the New Year has been started with a change of pictures at the Carmel Art Association Gallery in the Seven Arts building.

The departure of Catherine Smit for Palo Alto has left the Carmel Art Association without a permanent curator. A number of women have given their afternoons to the cause, including Mrs. Charlotte E. Morgan, Ida Maynard Curtis and Mrs. Fenton Foster. At present the association is not able to give a curator financial compensation.

Miss Smit is given a great deal of credit and many thanks for her faithful service.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Laumeister have returned to their Carmel home from a month's stay in their Palo Alto home.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that that certain copartnership known as "Paul's Radio Service" heretofore doing business on Ocean Avenue between San Carlos and Mission in Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, has been this day dissolved by the withdrawal of Charles J. Gripe from said copartnership. Said copartnership will hereafter be continued under the same name and will be composed only of Paul W. Funchess and L. Ray Turner. Said Charles J. Gripe will no further be responsible for any acts of said copartnership, either past, present or future, as said Paul W. Funchess and L. Ray Turner having assumed and agreed to pay all of the accounts of said copartnership.

Dated this 28th day of December, 1928.

PAUL W. FUNCHESS.
L. RAY TURNER.
CHARLES J. GRIPE.

Date of first publication Jan. 4, 1929.

Date of last publication Feb. 1, 1929.

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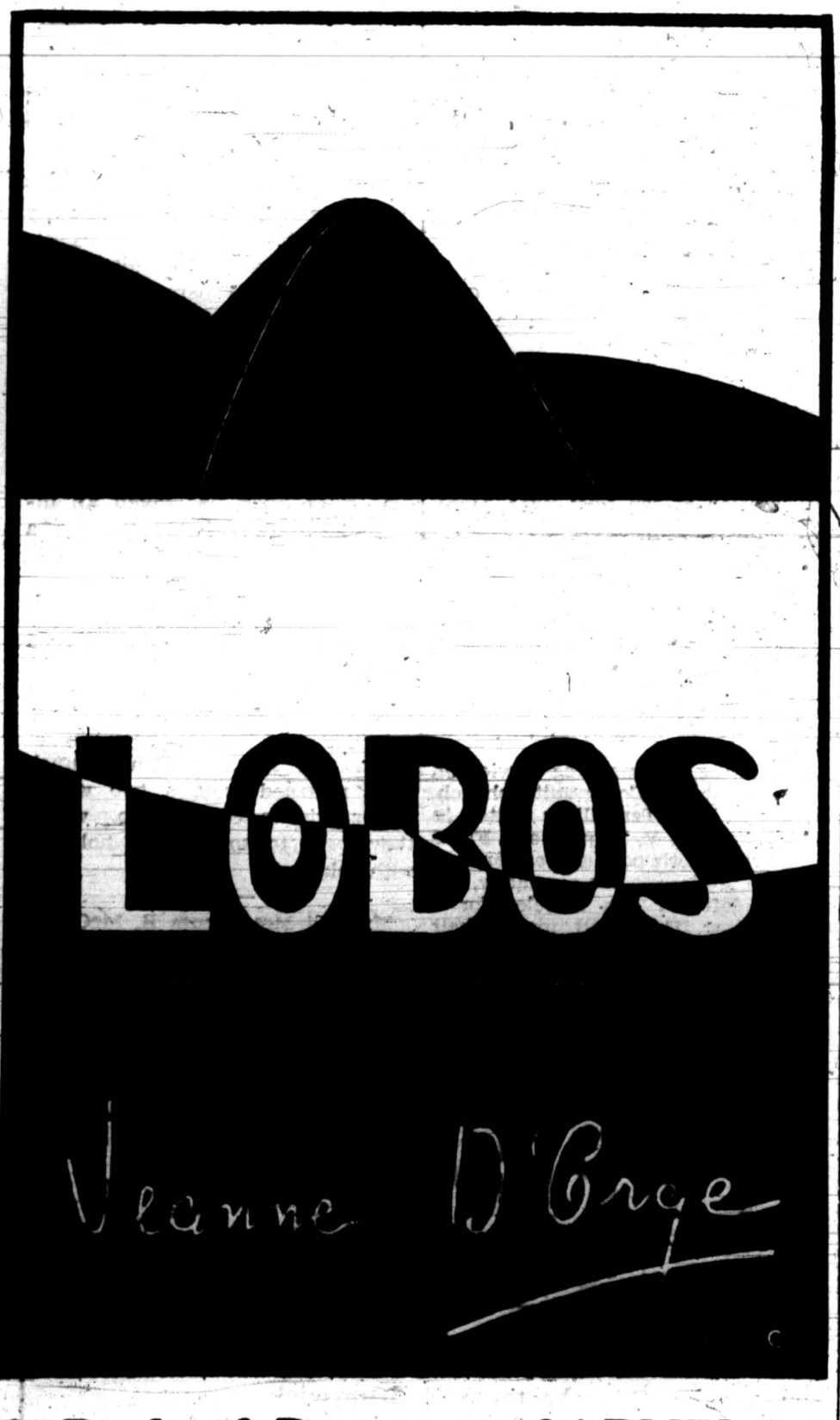

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HAVE YOU HEARD?

HOLIDAY SPORT IS MOONLIT RIDING

Horsebacking in the moonlight leads as the popular sport for Carmel holiday spenders. Generous providence has bestowed much moonlight of finest variety and at least fourteen of the horses cantering of late in this vicinity have been placed at the service of riders by Miss Price of Pasadena and Palm Springs. Before the Christmas season Miss Price arrived from the south where she had been conducting a successful riding school. With her she brought to Carmel fourteen fine riding horses which promptly made themselves at home at the ranch of Karl Mathiot fourteen miles up the valley. There the fourteen steeds rested until the Wednesday after Christmas when a merry party motored up from Carmel, exchanged cars for chargers and over hill over dale, up trails, along ridges, rode until the wee small hours.

Atop the tallest ridge, the moon at its brightest, the party of riders reined in their horses and gazed rapturously at the magnificent panorama of distant hills, the winding Carmel river, blue shadows of marching trees and patches of farmland. All cameo-like in the light of a blue moon.

Those attending the party at the Mathiot Rancho Carmelo were: Hans and Betty Ankersmit, Clay Otto, Tommi Thompson, Eddie O'Brien, Kelly Clark, Miss Anne Clark, Remy Carpen, Mrs. Kent Clark, Mrs. W. C. Habberly and daughter Patricia and Mr. and Mrs. Karl Mathiot.

After the ride a lunch was served at the ranch house. Miss Rice plans to conduct her riding school from the Mathiot ranch in the future and on Sunday mornings parties will ride and enjoy the thrills of wholesome out of door lunches which the combination of frying bacon and steaming griddle cakes implies.

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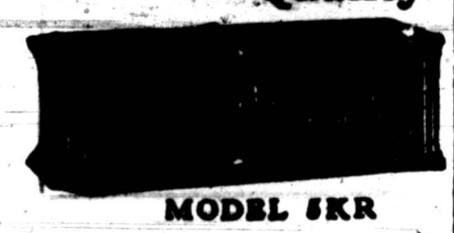

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CHURCH WEDDING AT SUNDAY SERVICE

The wedding of Misss Vive Edquist, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Edquist of this city to Mr. Floyd E. Harber, a well known Carmel man, took place last Sunday morning in the Carmel Community Church with the Reverend Ivan M. Terwilliger officiating. The church was filled with friends of the couple, and instead of the customary wedding march being played, Mr. Miles Bain sang "Because I Love You," and as the wedding party approached the altar the Carmel orchestra played "Oh Promise Me." Mr. and Mrs. Harber were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Fredeick Hack of Carmel. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride. Mrs. Harber for the past six months has played first violin. They have left for a few weeks honeymoon trip, and on their return they will make their home in Carmel.

GARDEN SECTION MEETS NEXT THURSDAY

The Garden Section of the Carmel Woman's Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Reginald Markham on the southwest corner of Casanova and Eleventh street on Thursday morning, January tenth, at ten o'clock. Mrs. Caroline Hollis of the Highlands will talk on the Mt. Albans gardens in Washington, D. C.

ENTERTAINS GUESTS AT BRIDGE TEA

Miss Elaine Carter entertained at bridge-tea last Saturday afternoon at the "Poke Bonnet' ' on Casanova where she and her mother, Mrs. R. F. Carter, are spending the winter. The guests were the Misses Georgia Krupf and her sister Billie, who captured first prize, and Miss Alice Lyon, claiming the consolation prize. Miss Virginia Lyon and Nancy joined the party at tea.

TEA AT HIGHLANDS HONORS ENGAGEMENT

Mrs. William Harrington Hollis entertained at "Tea" at her home at the Highlands on Sunday afternoon last in honor of Miss Elaine Carter of Carmel, whose engagement to Mr. Raymond M. Robertson of Portland has been announced. Among those who called during the afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. William C. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Skarry, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. David Prince, Miss Harriett Hatton, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hatton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reilly, Admiral and Mrs. J. S. McKeen, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Lowell, Miss Alys Wilson of Berkeley, Miss Helen Parkes, Miss Stella Vincent, Miss Marion Ohm, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wykoff of Watsonville, Mrs. Rice-Carter, Dr. and Mrs. D. T. McDougal and Dr. Levick. Miss Carter is the daughter of Mrs. Rice-Carter of Carmel and is well known here, where she is a popular member of the younger social set of Carmel. The young folks expect to be married some time in the Spring.

CARMELITES JOIN DEL MONTE THRONG

A number of Carmel folk entertained Monday at Del Monte, in celebration of New Year's Eve. One party, given by Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Hanke, included their house guest, Mrs. M. Selova of San Mateo, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles King Van Riper, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mrs. Richard Tunison, and Golden Whitman.

Another party included Mr. and Mrs. Martin Luther, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachmund, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lachmund, Miss Katherine Cooke and Ernest Schweninger.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy of Carmel also entertained a party at Del Monte last night, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. George Strickler, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beckett of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Pengelly of Grass Valley, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Hanley of Carmel, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. James, Mr. and Mrs. William Beckett.

CHARMING MUSICALE IN CARMEL STUDIO

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson were hosts to a large group of friends for an afternoon of music at their home on Carmel Point Saturday afternoon. With Mrs. Pauline Schindler at the piano, Gretchen Schoeninger playing clarinet and Henry Dickinson playing flute, several old English and French carols were sung. Miss Margery Pegram sang several songs, and the afternoon was closed with Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Those present included Mr. and Mrs. C. Sumner Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bardarson, Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman, Lieut. and Mrs. Stanton Babcock, Miss Dene Denney, Miss Hazel Watrous, Mrs. Helen Deusner, Mrs. Mary Younghunter, Dr and Mrs. Herman Spoehr, Mrs. Dora Hagemeyer, Miss Tolly Polak, Miss Kissam Johnson, Mrs. John Bathen, Miss Mary Bulkley, and many others.

DELIGHTFUL PARTY IN CLAY LITTLE HOME

One of the delightful affairs of the past week was that given by Mrs. Clay Little when she entertained a number of friends in her home in the Carmel Valley.

The affair was given in honor of Mr. Little, who was celebrating his birthday. The evening was spent in entertainment and music at the conclusion of which a delicious supper was served.

MR. AND MRS. BLACKMAN ENTERTAIN FRIENDS

Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman of Carmel entertained a group of friends at tea on Saturday afternoon at their home on Carmelo street. One of the delightful surprises of the afternoon was the playing by Dene Denny of several numbers from her recent recital here, and the playing by Allen Bier, noted San Francisco pianist, of an "Etude" of Debussy. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hartley, Miss Mary Bulkley, Miss Anne Martin, Miss Katherine Corrigan, Miss Kissam Johnson, Russell Field, Henry Dickinson, and several others.

DELIGHTFUL GATHERING IN CARMEL HOME

Misses Dene Denney and Hazel Watrous entertained a group of friends last night at their home in Carmel Woods. A feature of the evening was the display by Roger Sturtevant of photographs taken by him of many scenes of "The Dybbuk," which played recently in San Francisco. The pictures were unusually beautiful, and conveyed even to those who had not seen the play a sense of the mystery back of it.

Those who enjoyed the evening included Mrs. Zanetta Catlett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chadsey, Mrs. Pauline Schindler, Mrs. Marion Brinton, Miss Kissam Johnon, Miss Katherine Corrigan, Mr. C. Sumner Greene, Mr. Gordon Greene, Mr. Frank Northman, and several others.

Mrs. E. G. Burritt and Miss Jane Burritt who have been in Coalinga for the Christmas holidays have returned to Carmel. They have as their guests Mrs. Burritt's son in law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Bond.

Miss Anne Walcott has gone to San Francisco to spend the holidays with Miss Margaret Stewart, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart.

A group of newspaper people spending the holidays in Carmel include Mary MacPhail of the Examiner, Cornelia Barnes, well known painter and Robert Shaw of the Oakland Post-Enquirer. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Boynton.

Fred Godwin has returned to Hollywood after spending Christmas here. Godwin has just completed his latest film, entitled "The Charlatan."

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Luther and Mrs. Ted Moore are in the Moore cottage here for the holidays.

Mrs. Helen G. Mueth has gone to Los Angeles to spend New Year's.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duffy and their daughter are spending the holidays in Carmel.

Carmel Fuel Co.

P. F. Mulgay, Prop.

PHONE 50

Wood Yard at 6th and Junipero

COAL FIREPLACE WOOD and KINDLING

Foreign Drafts
Traveler Checks
Safe Deposit Boxes

4% Paid on Savings Accounts

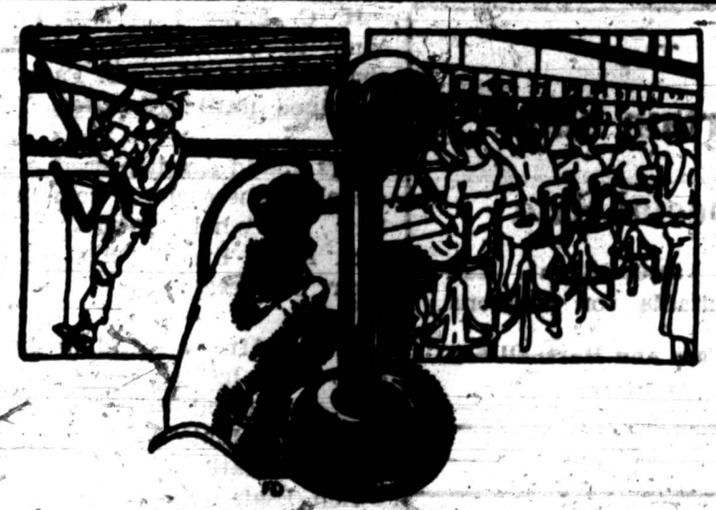
The Bank of Carmel

COMMERCIAL and SAVINGS

CARMEL TAXI SERVICE

PHONE 15 Day or Night

Dolores near Ocean Ave. H. C. James, Mgr.



Any telephone employee can take your order

Do you wish a telephone installed? Or do you wish an extension to your present telephone? Or any other form of telephone installation?

Give your order to any telephone employee.

Any operator, lineman, installer, clerk or other telephone employee is qualified to take your order and eager to co-operate in giving you service:

Or just call "Business Office".

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL

Christine Otis and a friend, Louise Blanchard, came to Carmel from San Jose to spend Tuesday here. Christine greeted many old friends. She lived here before leaving four years ago to attend San Jose State Teachers College.

Mrs. Carrie Basset and her granddaughter, Wilma Bassett, have been spending the past week with relatives in the bay region. Wilma is visiting her mother, Mrs. Marguerite Bassett, in Oakland and Mrs. Bassett is visiting a sister in Berkeley.

Mrs. Raymond Grabil, Mrs. T. H. Douglass and Miss Catherine Smit motored to San Francisco Wednesday of last week and returned to Carmel Thursday morning.

Seth Ulman has returned to Carmel from Tia Juana, where he spent Christmas with a party of friends.

James W. Morgan of Mare Island was in Carmel a few days including New Year's day as the guest of his sister, M. De Neale Morgan, in her home on Lincoln. Mr. Morgan has a government position at Mare Island.

Mrs. John Blain, her daughter Margaret Blain, both of Saratoga, and Betty McClendon of Los Gatos occupied the Blain cottage on San Antonio last week. They were joined on Wednesday by Captain Blain.

Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto motored to Yosemite Valley last Saturday where they enjoyed the snow and scenery for a few days.

Eastman's three piece orchestra played good jazz for a medium sized crowd at the dance in the auditorium of the Sunset School last Friday. The dancers were mostly students but a few older Carmelites were seen enjoying themselves quite as much.

Beth Ingels returned to San Francisco last week after spending two weeks in the Circle of Enchantment.

A party of hunters including Percy Parkes. Harold Busey, A. S Harbolt, William McPhilips, Henry F. Dickenson, Earl Parkes and Henry Dickenson Jr., motored to King City Thursday of last week quail hunting. All came home with the limit.

Jean McCarthy, who lives with her grandmother on San Antonio has gone to Paradise to visit her parents during the holidays.

Winsor Josselyn came to Carmel from San Jose last week and passed a few days at the home of his mother, Alice Josselyn.

The presence of the Tec Art movie company which is to film Evangeline at Point Lobos is causing a flurry among Carmelites who have always thought they might make a go of the movies. The other day the telephone rang in the Pine Cone office and a girl's voice asked if this was the place to sign up for the movies. It isn't.

The Carmel Playhouse sign on the corner of Monte Verde and Ocean met with an accident which uprooted it some time this week. Someone took the corner too soon.

H. C. Fassett of San Francico came to Carmel last Saturday to visit his wife, Myra B. Fassett, and remained until after New Year's.

Mrs. Maud Arndt has gone to Los Angeles, where she is spending the New Year's holidays visiting friends. Mrs. Arndt lives at the Peter Pan Court on Ocean.

Evelyn Arne is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Courtland J. Arne, in their home on Monte Verde. Following her graduation from Monterey Union High School last year Miss Arne went to San Francisco where she is working.

Perham Nahl, professor of art at the University of California, was a visitor this week at the home of his old friend, Chapel Judson, at Pebble Beach. Mr. Nahl is responsible for the etchings Whispers, Earth Bound and Dream Lovers. The two former etchings treat the cypress as human beings.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Eddy and two children, Muryl and Charles, went to Modesto to spend Christmas with Mrs. Eddy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rodgers. They also visited many friends in Fresno and Hanford, returning with gifts of fruit and other products from the fertile soil of the San Joaquin Valley. Mrs. Eddy formerly lived in Hanford and for a number of years Dr. Eddy practiced in Fresno. They reported traveling one hundred miles in a dense fog after going through the Pacheco Pass.

Mildred Jones, who is in the office of Dr. C. E. Eddy, went home to Oakdale to spend the holidays visiting her parents.

Billy and Harriett Staniford went to San Francisco Christmas to the home of their mother and remained for several days.

His many friends have been welcoming Peter Friedrichsen, who came down from San Francisco to spend the holidays in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Taylor, who spent the Christmas holidays in Honolulu, have returned to Carmel for an indefinite stay.

Dr. Richard Tunison left last week for the east, where he will be for several weeks.

Mrs. Ruth Austin,who has been in Europe for several months, came up from Los Angeles to spend the holidays at Del Monte Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Edgarton have returned from a stay of ten days in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Carnahan of Palo Alto and Miss Lorraine Cleveland were among those who spent the holiday in Carmel. Miss Cleveland spent some months here a couple of years ago, and her friends were delighted to greet her again.

Mrs. Frank Hall of Berkeley and her son George spent the holiday at Pine Inn. Mrs. Hall is a frequent visitor to Carmel.

Mrs. Jane Ritchie of San Francisco is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Phillips for the holidays. Mr. S. Finley of San Francisco is also a guest of the Phillips.

Mrs. J. F. Korbel of San Francisco and her two daughters are among those at Pine Inn for the holidays. tage in the Carmel valley where they enjoyed the day and had dinner, before returning to Monterey in the evening. Those present included the Robert Sextons, Irwin Carmodys, E. R. Grimes, Mrs. Mary Carmody and the Roddie Maddocks.

Earle Parkes has returned to his home in Los Angeles from a month's visit with his father, Mr Percy Parkes.

Mrs. G. Hardy, who has been spending the holidays with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hardy, at their home in North Carmel, has returned to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Margaret Tooey has returned from a month's visit with the Misses Grace and Jessie Caplin in Minneapolis. The Misses Caplins are well known in Carmel and own a cottage on North Camino Real. Mrs. Tooey has left for Pasadena, where she will attend a house party with friends. She expects to return to Carmel the first of the week.

Miss Virginia Lyon, student at Mills College in Oakland, and her sister, Alice Lyon, attending Anna Head's School in Berkeley, are spending the Christmas holidays with their aunt, Alice de Nair, and Frances Montgomery at White Cedars.

Miss Georgia Krupf, attending Anna Head's School in Berkeley, is spending the holidays with her sister at her home in Eighty Acres. Mr. Krupf arrived in Carmel from his home in Wisconsin last week and is remaining with his daughters until after the New Year.

Miss Eugenia Rabbas, prominent San Francisco and East Bay lecturer in the sciences of Character and Psycho-analysis and a frequent visitor in Carmel, spent last weekend and the New Year holidays in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnston were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hale in San Francisco. On Sunday last, the Johnstons attended a family reunion dinner given at the Vendome Hotel in San Jose. Mrs. Hale is a sister of Mrs. Johnston.

Elaine LeGere, wife of Francis Whittaker is entertaining her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs Ben Le Gere of San Francisco, at her home in Carmel. Mr. and Mrs Le Gere have recently completed a tour of the country as far east as Chicago with the "Appearance" company, the play by the negro playright, Carl Anderson.

Lynn Frisby, a student at Stanford University, is a guest at the Courtland Arne home on Lincoln this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Johnston and their small daughter Margaret have returned to their home in Pasadena after spending the holidays with Mr. Johnston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnston, at their home on Casa Nova.

Mrs. Shirley Williamson of Palo Alto and her son David of the University of Stanford are spending a week in their cottage on Santa Lucia street.

Mary Ingels has been living for the past few months with her parents at Corral de Tierra and coming to Carmel once a week to take piano lessons of David Alberto. She is coming back to live in Carmel, bring her piano, and spend her days practicing. There is no place like Carmel for concentration, according to Mary.

Mrs. Margaret Weir spent Christmas with her family at their home near "The Pinnacles."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
FOREST LIEU SELECTION
SERIAL NO. 023607

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.
Dec. 5, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by RICHARD M. LYMAN, attorney in fact, postoffice address Room 822 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, has filed in this office its application to select under the Act of Congress ,approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat., 36) and act of March 3 1905 (33 Stat., 1264) the SE¼ of NW¼ of Sec. 25, T. 17 S., R. 2 E., M. D. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 5th day of February, 1929.

JOHN C. ING,
Register.

Date of first publication: December 21st, 1928.

Date of last publication: January 18th, 1929.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

FOREST LIEU SELECTION
SERIAL NUMBER 023608

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.
Dec. 5, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by H. D. Burroughs, attorney in fact, postoffice address Room 822 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, has filed in this office its application to select under the Act of Congress, approved June 4, 1897 (30 Stat., 36), and act of March 3, 1905 (33 Stat., 1264) the S½ of NE¼ of Section 25, Township 17 South, Range 2 East, M. D. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 5th day of February, 1929.

JOHN C. ING,
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

SERIAL NUMBER 023606

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.
Dec. 5, 1928.

Notice is hereby given, that Charles S. Olmsted, Assignee of William Hall, Samuel Petty, Andrew Knudsen, John W. Moore, George Waffle, Jerome Carkey, James N Shaw, Jeremiah Pickett, alias Jeremiah Piquet, William M. Lesley, Nelson Osborn and William L. Marshall, of Pacific Grove, Monterey County, California, has filed in this office his application to enter under the provisions of Sections 2306 and 2307 of the Revised Statutes of the United States the E½ of SW¼ and the SE¼ of Sec. 25, T. 17 S., R. 2 E., M. D. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 5th day of February 1929.

JOHN C. ING,
Register.

Date of first publication: December 21st, 1928.

Date of last publication: January 18th, 1929.

Dr. Raymond Brownell
Dentist
Suites 1 and 2—Kocher Bldg.
Phone 260
Dolores Street Carmel

The Curtain Shop
Special Sale
Cretonne samples at half price, suitable for cushions.
Corner Cass and Hartnell Sts.
Monterey

Peter J. Reuter
ANTIQUES
Old English Chest, Satin-wood inlay, and original Brasses
Sheraton high poster bed, beautifully carved
Dolores St. South of 7th Ave.
Phone Carmel 451

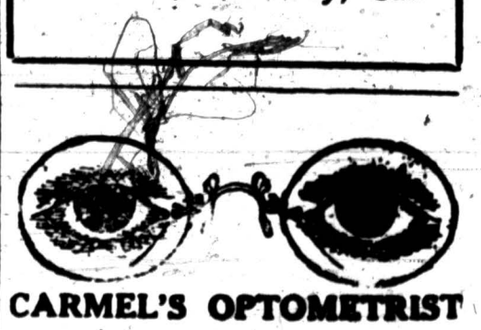
FOR INFORMATION AS TO PROPERTY IN AND ABOUT CARMEL ADDRESS
CARMEL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

ELECTRICAL WORK
Promptly and Efficiently Done
P. K. HILL
Tel. 56-J San Carlos at 8th

DR. CLARENCE H. TERRY
Dentist
Suites 1 and 2
El Paseo Building
Carmel Phone 196

I Repair Watches
Also Clocks and Jewelry
Engraving
Next door—Carmel Cleaners
Floyd Mangrum

DeWitt Appleton
Designer and Builder of artistic homes
Phone 1057-R
Box 786, Monterey, Cal.



CARMEL'S OPTOMETRIST
C. E. ROBERTS
Everything Optical
Dolores St. Phone 26-W
—It will pay you to see me—

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Shipman of San Mateo are guests of Miss Kleinsmith, at Eleventh and Junipero streets.

Mildred Anderson is spending the holidays in Carmel. She is a teacher in Los Gatos, likes Carmel and spends a great deal of time here.

The New Year was ushered into Carmel by the tooting of whistles in Monterey, and the popping of ginger ale and firearms in the village. Happy? yes;; but not real snappy. Nobody arrested, not even a drunk. Chief of Police Gus and his entire force might have slept through the night quite peacefully.

Prof. and Mrs. Royal Armstrong of Roseville are house guests of Mrs. Mary Spoyd and Miss Mess Lois Farley at the new cottage on north Dolores street.

A letter from Edward G. Kuster, postmarked Munich, says that he is already planning for his return to Carmel, although the date is still distant. He will spend some time in Munich.

Edward Weston, photographer, will occupy the Johan Hagemeyer studio at Mountain View and Junipero avenues after the eleventh of the month.

Prof. and Mrs. Royal Armstrong of Roseville are house guests of Mrs. Mary Spoyd and Miss Bess Lois Farley at the new cottage on North Dolores street.

Carmel's Bohemian Cafe

Appetizing well-cooked substantial food

THE STUDIO RESTAURANT

Open All Day Every Day

Harry Mallinger, Prop.
Dolores St. Carmel
Phone 212

Finest Laundry Service on the Peninsula

Del Monte Laundry

Telephone, Monterey 80

Bay Rapid Transit Co.

Phone Carmel 321

TIME TABLE

Lv. Carmel for Monterey		Lv. Monterey for Carmel	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
8:20	12:45	8:45	1:20
9:30	2:20	10:30	3:45
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
	6:00		6:30

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Phone Carmel 2

Louis K. Webb

REALTOR
Real Estate, Loans, Insurance
"Friendly Service
410 Grand Ave., P. G., Phone 1032

FOR RENT

VERY DESIRABLE fur. modern house in P. G.; sun por., large liv. rm., din. rm., cabinet kitchen, 2 bed-rms., shower and tub bath, ldy. trays, automatic water heater, piano, sewing mach. Flooded with sunshine, garage, flowers, lighted street, reasonable rent.

Also

FURNISHED [illegible] house, 3 bed-rms. [illegible] blocks of center of P. G. [illegible] for family, boarders [illegible], dressmaking, millinery, beauty shop; or two chambers could be sublet as apartments.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Good cook who will also serve and care for dining room. Good living quarters. All modern conveniences. Pay seventy dollars a month. Apply BoxX2, Pine Cone, or call in person at ten o'clock Saturday morning, Pine Cone office for personal interview.

MISCELLANEOUS

CARMEL SERVICE BUREAU & EMPLOYMENT AGENCY. Public Stenographer. Rooms listed. Ruth Higby. NE cor. Monte Verde and 7th. Phone 665-W.

WANTED — Convalescent boarders by a practical nurse in a nice private home. Sunny rooms, modern conveniences, new house, reasonable rates. Call at Wayside Lodge, 922 Hellam St., Monterey, Calif. tf

SEWING—Expert alterations. Old frocks remodeled. We also turn out smart new gowns, reline and shorten coats, etc., and make drapes and curtains at the Myra B. Shop, opp. the Post Office, Tel 66-J.

LOST—A purple and tan scarf on Carmelo St. south of Ocean Ave. Return to Pine Cone office or phone Carmel 435.

$4000 LOAN wanted for two years. 8 per cent interest of first trust deed on unimproved property. P. O. Box 428, Pacific Grove.

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Justice's Court of Monterey Township, County of Monterey, State of California.

C. Huseman and O. Thiel, Plaintiffs, vs. Charles Abbott, doing business under the firm name and style of "The Charles," Defendant. The people of the State of California send greeting to: Charles Abbot, doing business under the firm name and style of "The Charles," defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear before me at my office, at Colton Hall, at Monterey, in said Township and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Justice's Court of Monterey Township, County of Monterey, State of California, within five days after the service on you of this summons — if it is served within the city and county, township or city in which this action is brought; but within ten days if it is served out of said township or city but in the county in which the action is brought, and within twenty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer as above required the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or they will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand this 5th day of November, 1928.

RAY BAUGH,
Justice of the Peace of said Township.

Silas W. Mack, Attorney for plaintiff.

Date of first publication Nov. 30, 1928.

Date of last publication January 25, 1929.

FOR SALE

DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE

FURNISHED house on Monte Verde near Ocean Avenue, $5500.

FURNSHED house on two lots, good section, $2200.

HOUSE and lot on South Camino Real, $1800.

WOODED building site, 50x100, fine mountain view, $1200.

VERY attractive small house, furnished, three bedrooms, $6500.

HOME SITES at Carmel Highlands for as low as $1,000; terms.

SCENIC restricted plots overlooking Carmel Mission at $400 per 40x100 foot area.

RESALE Country Club lots.

RANCH, Valley, and Coast properties.

CARMEL LAND COMPANY
Office Ocean Avenue, telephone 18

FOR RENT—Furnished, charming home in Carmel Woods. Modern stucco house, large living room with balcony, 2 bedrooms, bath and kitchen, electric range and electric water heater. Beautiful garden. For particulars, any Carmel real estate office or George Vye, former owner.

CERTIFICATE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

BE IT KNOWN: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we, as co-partners, are transacting the business of printing in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, State of California, under the name and style of "SEVEN ARTS PRESS", that the principal place of business is located on the west side of Lincoln Street, South of Ocean Avenue, in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, said County and State, and that our names in full, and our respective residences are as follows:—

Herbert Heron, Residence Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

Eugene Augustus Hoffman Watson, Residence Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE HEREUNTO SET OUR HANDS AND SEALS THIS FIFTEENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1928.

HERBERT HERON.
EUGENE AUGUSTUS HOFFMAN WATSON.

State of California, County of Monterey, ss.

On this 15th day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty eight before me, F. O. Robbins a Noary Public, in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Herbert Heron, and Eugene Augustus Hoffman Watson known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the said County of Monterey, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

F. O. ROBBINS,
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Chiropractic and Naturopathic Physician. Hours: 1 to 5:30 p.m. and Saturdays and Sundays and Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings by appointment only. Please phone for your evening appointments before 5:30 p.m. Residence calls should be arranged for as early as possible in the forenoon. Emergency calls at all hours. Phone 165. Dolores Apartments, beside Post Office, Carmel, Calif.

MINNA BERGER
Teacher of Piano and Harmony
Dolores St. Next to Mannasita Club
Box 1147

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER — Osteopath, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 170. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

THOMAS VINCENT CATOR
Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio: 4th and Lopez

C. M. SAYERS
Teacher of wood-carving. Ph. 376.

Osteopathic Physician
DR. C. L. FAGAN
Dolores St., first door south of Telephone Building, Carmel
Office Hours
10 to 12 A.M.—1 to 5 P.M.
Telephone 440

ASTROLOGICAL CHARACTER ANALYSIS

Guide yourself or your child. Careful horoscope at low cost. For information address W. Merrick, Carmel P. O. Box 794.

(Notarial Seal)

My Commission expires March 26, 1930.

Date of 1st publication Dec. 7.
Date of last publication Jan. 4.

CERTIFICATE OF TRANSACTING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME.

I, JAMES DOUGLAS BISHOP, the undersigned, hereby certify that I am transacting business under a fictitious name, to-wit:

"PINE VIEW NURSERY."

in the buying, selling and growing plants, shrubbery and flowers, and dealing in their accessories, I having bought the interest of my former partner, CHARLES ARTHUR WATSON, and am now the sole owner of said business; the principal place whereof is at the corner of David Avenue and Presidio Avenue in the Del Monte Park Tract, near the City of Monterey, Monterey County, California.

That my full name and residence is as follows:

JAMES DOUGLAS BISHOP, residing on Presidio Avenue, near Pacific Grove, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this 3rd day of December, 1928.

JAMES DOUGLAS BISHOP.

State of California, County of Monterey, ss.

On this 3rd day of December, 1928, before me, Daniel Joseph Leavy, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared JAMES DOUGLAS BISHOP, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing Instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

DANIEL JOSEPH LEAVY.
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

(Notorial Seal)

Filed December 6th, 1928.

T. P. JOY, Clerk.
By ANNA RYAN, Deputy.

Date of first publication December 14th, 1928.

Date of last publication January 11th, 1929.

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line. Minimum charge 50 cents.

Single insertion, 10c per line.

One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line.

One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line.

(10c advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

CHURCH NOTICES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL
North Monte Verde Street

Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 1 to 4 p.m. Friday, 7 to 9 p.m. Closed Holidays.

MONTEREY
Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed Holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE
Fountain and Central Aves.

Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.
All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

All Saints Episcopal Church

Monte Verde St., south of Ocean Ave.
Rev. Austin Chinn, Rector

Sunday Services
8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.

All are cordially invited

Old Mission

San Carlos de Borromeo

Masses at 8:00 and 10:10 a.m.

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday—11 a.m.
Speaker—Ida Mansfield Wilson
Wednesday night subject:
"Prosperity"

The Community Church
(Incorporated 1904—Methodist)
Sermons for the modern mind
Sundays at Eleven
Graded Church School, 10 A.M.
Truth, Research, Destiny!
Ivan M. Terwilliger, Minister

HELLO, CENTRAL! We Admire Your Energy and Patience By Monte

Didn't we get our telephone numbers quickly and surely this week? We did! Did we have to wait and wait and wait and then get the wrong number? We did not! Was Central's voice sweet and accomodating over the wires? It was!! And part of the week at least there was but one lone little girl on the switch board! Usually there are three. Two were absent this week owing to illness. Notwithstanding the fact that Christmas week brings extra work and business to each and all of us, it did not seem to trouble the one little girl sitting on a stool before the plugs and pegs and wires of Carmel's busy switch board in the telephone building at Dolores and Seventh.

At least there was no trouble apparent! We in Carmel do not have troubles with "Central" that some city dwellers say they have. Our "Central" says "Thank you" when we give our number, a procedure, I for one, have heretofore found reversed. Or felt it should be!

Do you know anyone on the face of the earth who does not have his troubles? At least, occasionally? Of course you don't. And the most annoying troubles are the ones you can not see. It is an easy matter to accept an unpleasant fact, but how exasperating to doubt the invisible annoyance!

Because we doubt what we can not see we are the more prone to sharply criticise.

All this came to mind when I first stepped inside the great switch board room of a city telephone company. It isn't easy for Mr. and Mrs. World to get a peep inside the traffic room of a big telephone company. If it were easy, we would never accuse the "Central" girls of ever making intentional mistakes in their service. I can tell you there is no chance for any of them to go to sleep. They are without exception, on the job!

If a telephone operator had nothing to do but give you the wrong number and "cut you off" do you think she would have selected that job for her life work?

No! Any girl who makes telephone operating her vocation must have been inspired with the spirit of service and I believe the girl at control is there helping the public because she wants to be!

I've decided that a telephone operater possesses the same powers of concentration as the driver of a high powered racing car. Moreover she displays courtesy with all.

I remember talking with the "bearded lady" in a circus sideshow. As she sat upon the platform and gazed thoughtfully at the great crowd of curious spectators pouring into the side show tent she turned to me and said: "It sure is a fifty-fifty proposition and I'll say a little bit more, for the biggest freaks are the mob that comes to stare at us!"

I wonder if the telephone girls do not have their troubles with the patrons at the other end of the line. Maybe a fifty-fifty proposition and a little bit more.

"Central" says: "We're human and we err like the rest and we appreciate the annoyance a patron is put to when he gets the wrong number and we are overanxious to correct the fault. We do not intentionally allow errors for they only make twice the work for us and we feel as badly about them as the subscriber does. We wonder if people remember that others are signaling for service at the same time as they themselves. We wonder if people know that our work is sometimes doubled on account of sudden vacancies at the switchboard. We wonder, too, if the public knows we are really enthusiastic about our work. On stormy days when the force is encountering difficulties reaching exchanges, we are glad it is part of our job to maintain the continuity of the service."

But, as I have said, we in Carmel seem to have perfect service from our seven central girls. Their service is flawless so far as we can detect. I wish they could say the same of us at their end of the line I doubt it but am sure they will never tell you otherwise.

Carmel has had its own telephone central for three years. There were 300 telephones here the day traffic opened. Now there are over 1000 phones in our community. Dec. 31st marks our Carmel switchboard's third birthday.

On Christmas day there were five Carmel girls working THEIR USUAL EIGHT HOURS for OUR BENEFIT! They will have their holiday on New Year's Day. They will be paid double time forsooth but on Christmas Day when you are all telephoning your good wishes and A Merry Christmas to your friends remember that as on any ordinary day, "Central" is on the job.

NOTICE OF SELECTION UNDER SECTIONS 2275 AND 2276, U. S. REVISED STATUTES
As Amended by Act of Congress February 28, 1891

Rule 10 and paragraphs 2, 3 and 4 of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910 (39 L. D. 39), and Rule 9 and first paragraph of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910, as amended October 15, 1919 (47 L. D. 257).

United States Land Office at Sacramento, State of California.
To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 4038, Serial No. 023781, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: NE 1-4 of NW 1-4, Sec. 28, Tp. 17 S., R. 1 E., M. D. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Daed, Sacramento, California, December 27, 1928.

JOHN C. ING,
Register.

Date of first publication Jan. 4, 1929.

Date of last publication Feb. 1, 1929.

NOTICE OF SELECTION UNDER SECTIONS 2275 AND 2276, U. S. REVISED STATUTES
As Amended by Act of Congress February 28, 1891

Rule 10 and paragraphs 2, 3 and 4 of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910 (39 L. D. 39), and Rule 9 and first paragraph of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910, as amended October 15, 1919 (47 L. D. 257).

United States Land Office at Sacramento, State of California.
To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection No. 4035, Serial No. 023604, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: Lot 7 and NW 1-4 of SE 1-4 of Section 17 and Lot 6 of Sec. 20, Tp. 17 S., R. 1 E., M. D. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 18, 1928.

EDWARD C. JENNINGS,
Acting Register.

Date of first publication, Jan. 4, 1929.

Date of last publication, Feb. 1, 1929.

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS

Licenses are due and payable January 1, 1929. Male dogs $2.00. Female dogs $4.00. Send check PROMPTLY to J. W. Walsh, general delivery, Monterey, or telephone him at Monterey County Animal Shelter, Monterey, and he will call, collect and furnish tag.

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